

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



127 261

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY









•

ANTHOLOGY  
OF  
NEWSPAPER VERSE  
FOR 1925  
Seventh Annual Issue

BY  
FRANKLYN PIERRE DAVIS

Enid, Oklahoma  
FRANK P. DAVIS  
MCMXXVI

•



TO

HENRY POLK LOWENSTEIN

*"Who through long days of labor  
And nights devoid of ease,  
Still heard in his heart the music  
Of wonderful melodies."*





# INTRODUCTION

The volume of the Anthology of Newspaper Verse for 1925, marks the seventh annual issue of this work. During these years the original plan of giving special consideration to poems that reflect the reaction of the people to current thought and events has been strictly adhered to.

In addition to poems that reflect the public mind, all the really high class poems have been gleaned from the thousands of newspaper clippings that were considered in making selections for the book.

In reviewing the subjects that have seemed uppermost in the thought of the people during 1925, I have appended in this preface the titles of the poems that I believe best represent each subject.

Early in the year came the Cross-Word puzzle craze. It is doubtful if the public interest in any other popular fad, ever became so universal and intense in so short a period of time. Dictionaries and puzzle-books became best sellers. Newspapers ran Cross-Word puzzle departments. People in every walk of life racked their brains in search of obscure words with which to solve the puzzles. The craze swept over the country like a prairie fire, however, by the middle of the summer it had lost much of its force and interest declined nearly as swiftly as it had come. (*There Were Cross-Words Between Them*, Samuel Hofenstine; *Crosswordwocky*, C. B. Gilbert.)

In the third annual issue of the Anthology of Newspaper Verse (1921) there was a poem by Langston Hughes, entitled, "A Negro Speaks of Rivers," which was the most poignant cry of a suppressed race that it had been my fortune to read. In this volume there are some verses by

a Chinese student at the University of Nebraska, which sound like a cry of despair. (*My China*. Kwei Chen.)

There are wonderful women and mothers in Utah who love children, if one may judge correctly by the number of poems about babies that come from that state. Some of the sweetest tributes to babies that it has ever been my pleasure to read appeared in Utah newspapers. (*Keepsakes*, Edith Cherrington; *Lullaby*, Elizabeth Fechner Hanson.)

There was the usual surprise in store for the editor, in the large number of poems on unusual and unexpected themes. This year it was spooks and haunted houses. The editor feels reasonably safe, however, out here in the short grass region of Oklahoma, when he reflects that most of the spooks were in the New England states. Connecticut easily leading the nation. (*Spooks*, H. A. H.; "*I Shall Come Again*," Dorothy Parker; *A House Speaks*, Rebecca Helman.)

The passing of Bryan, Amy Lowell, and La Follette, were the subjects of many poems. By far the larger number of these poems, and more generally distributed over the nation, were those in praise of La Follette.

In the seven years that I have studied newspaper verse, considering two thousand to three thousand annually, I have received clippings from every state in the Union with the single exception of the State of Nevada.

Sports seemed to be of more than usual interest to the poets. The winning of the open golf championship of America, "the greatest glory that golf can bestow on its followers," by Willie Macfarlane, was the most spectacular and unexpected sporting event of the year. Macfarlane had no thought of winning when he entered the game. Baseball also received its share of verse. (*The Lad from Aberdeen*, John Kierma, *Baseball Ballad*, Kirke Mecham.)

There were a surprising number of poems in which murder or homicide was the theme. Perhaps the most remarkable poem of the year was Docia Karell's "The Triangle." This is a reporter's interpretation of a local murder case. It may interest the reader to learn that the survivors of the triangle, both drew life sentences. (*The Midnight Express*, Florence M. Wallin; *The Triangle*, Docia Karell.)

The reaction of the man from the back recesses of the country to the customs of the modern city has been the theme of many poems. The Michigan timber-man forsakes the bright lights and returns to the big woods, while the New Mexico cowpuncher consider folks on Broadway. (*On the North Bound Train*, Ivan Swift; *A Cowpuncher Watches the Crowd*, S. Omar Barker; *I Take The Slashin' Yet*, Ivan Swift.)

A part of the Indian country, which later became a part of the state of Oklahoma, was opened to settlement in 1889. Each year the old settlers, who call themselves "The 89'ers," meet and live over again the exciting times and hardships of the days when they "made the run" for "free homes." (*Looking Backward*, John W. Beard; *Opening "The Strip"*, Ruth Olive Angel.)

There are a number of poems in this volume that are of very high quality, and that will compare favorably with the best work of any contemporary writer.

*Franklyn Pierre Davis.*



## A MAN FROM GENOA

I saw a man from Genoa  
Who turned and smiled at me,  
And something in his wistful gaze  
Was like a blasted tree.

He told me then that he had come  
With flaming plumes, and vair,  
And clothes of saffron and of gold,  
And vests of camel's hair.

And he had beads from Carthage  
And silks from windy Tyres,  
And tiny chests of spikenard  
Preserved from Ilium's fires.

The man who came from Genoa  
Had sorrow in his eyes,  
And yet he turned and smiled at me  
And made a stout surmise.

"My silks, they say, are waterlogged  
My spears and helmets worn;  
And yet I came from Genoa  
Around the southern horn.

The Lords of War have laughed at me  
And will not take my vests!  
They are too small and fiberless  
To span their thunderous chests."

And then I somehow pitied him  
And bought the worthless things,  
The silks and grails and parrakeets  
And gold and copper rings.

I have them yet and know quite well  
Their uselessness to me;  
And yet the man from Genoa—  
His eyes were like the sea!

I saw him go upon the quay  
And whistle through his hands;  
I saw his galley swing to port  
Above the yellow sands.

The ship that veered before the wind  
Had green and scarlet sails;  
And turbaned prophets paced the poop  
And Nubians thronged the rails.

He waved his hand, and jumped aboard  
And danced upon the deck;  
And then I saw him take command  
And clear the harbor wreck.

They passed a town with marble streets  
And spires of malachite;  
Where centaurs worshipped headless gods  
Whose limbs were zoned with light.

I saw them sail into the East—  
And now in far Cathay  
I seek the man from Genoa  
Who bore my gold away.

*Frank Belknap Long, Jr.*  
*The Hollywood Florida News.*

## MONSOON

When the monsoon blows and the taut ropes snap,  
Heave, boys; heave with a will.  
And the topsails belly with a sounding flap,  
Heave, boys; heave with a will.  
When you sail "scuppers under" and decks awash,  
And you scud 'neath the sting of the tempest's lash  
Heave, boys; heave with a will.

With royals furled 'gainst the monsoon's blast,  
Ride, boys; ride the storm.  
With hatches battened and sheets made fast,  
Ride, boys! ride the storm.  
With your wake a hell's-broth of foaming spume,  
And the spray at your bow is in feathery plume,  
Ride, boys; ride the storm.

When gallants'ls rip and tear from the yards,  
Hold, boys; hold your course.  
When topmasts are splitting and twisting halliards.  
Hold, boys; hold your course.  
With top poles bare and mainsail lashed,  
And boats stove in and fo'castle smashed,  
Hold, boys; hold your course.

When the monsoon stops and the dun clouds lift,  
Cheer, boys; cheer with a will.  
And the hot sunbeams through a vapory rift,  
Cheer, boys; cheer with a will.  
And the China Sea stills to troubled rest,  
With a swell like the heave of a maidens breast,  
Cheer, boys; cheer with a will.

*The Baltimore Daily Post.*      *Howard W. Legg.*

### THE MIDNIGHT EXPRESS

The ranch was by the track. Drab, drab her life,  
Like the grey, thin soil about the place.  
Once she had a garden—flowers made it seem  
A shabby dress patched with some golden lace.

Each midnight thundered by the fast express,  
A yellow meteor flaming sky and hill;  
She often waited just to see it pass  
'Round the curve—a whistle—then all was still.

In June, a crew of men, the section hands,  
Camped near to mend the track. One of the gang  
Begged water from the spring and handing back  
the can,  
Their fingers touched—wondering, all day she  
sang.

But one hot night, she'd milked, bedded down the  
stock—  
The clod who called her wife spoke thus, "Jake's  
wife's fine,  
She helps, she does!" Then desperate at last, she  
saddled Tim,  
Hung lantern high up on the gate—(that was the  
sign)—

And far, far down the track the tiny love-light  
beamed  
To him, tho' twice refused, had hoped from day  
to day;  
How his mates joked!—but he went to gather  
roses,  
Pink roses, dew wet, that grew beside the way.



Midnight—the great express might drown her  
going—  
But that clod, dull before—awoke—dragged her  
from the door,  
Now she who did men's work matched strength  
with man—  
And with her hands she beat him to the floor—  
And left him so, half in half out the shack! The  
white moon  
Came out as fast she rode away. How sudden—  
sweet the land  
Had grown—love's miracle! Yet crushing his dear  
roses to her lips  
She knew their price! Could roses leave that  
bloodspot on her hand?

*The Lewistown Democrat-News.*

*Florence M. Wallin.*

## THE TRIANGLE.

THE PRISONER:

Now I killed 'er—  
But I swear to God I didn't go to do it!  
Only sometimes I set here 'n' get to thinkin'—  
Many's the time before I coulda done it!  
God knows I always hated her enough!  
—Always, that is, since Edna come—  
Sittin' there so meek—I hate meek women!  
Edna, now—she wouldn't take nothin' off me,  
Nor off no man.  
She'd kill a sweetie that'd throw 'er down—  
But Mary was diff'rent—  
Sure she was a good wife—  
Too damn good.  
That's why I killed 'er—  
I mean, that's why I coulda killed 'er.  
Hell! Why couldn't she lay off me?  
If she'd only 'a' balled me out, I coulda stood it—  
But when I'd come home from Edna's,  
Even if it was 3 a. m., she'd be there waitin'—  
Smilin' sleepy-like, 'n' lookin' forgivin',  
An' stretchin' out 'er arms for me to kiss 'er—  
She drove me nuts!

I've wanted to kill 'er often enough,  
 'N' wished I had the nerve to do it, too—  
 But I wouldn't never 'a' done it, really.  
 An' now—they call it murder—  
 The liars!  
 They can't prove nothin' on me—They ain't nothin' to prove.  
 I couldn't help it if I stumbled, an' the damn gun went off—  
 We was out huntin' and when I seen her walkin' on ahead,  
 I couldn't help thinkin' how easy it'd be.  
 Just playin' with the idea—not plannin' nothin' really—  
 Holdin' m' finger on the trigger, an' thinkin' what'd happen if I pulled it—  
 'N' then, by God, I tripped 'n' fell, an' the damn thing went off!  
 It killed 'er dead enough—An' I was glad—  
 But now I get to wonderin', 'n' figurin' how it happened—  
 I never meant to shoot 'er.  
 It was an accident, an' I couldn't help it. ....  
 Or could I maybe?  
 I musta pulled the trigger—I musta aimed—  
 An' now I set here 'n' ask myself—  
 "Could I 'a' helped it if I'd 'a' wanted to?"  
 I mean, could I 'a' fell without pullin' it?  
 Could I 'a' jerked it aside so's not to hit 'er?  
 They's one thing sure, if I did kill 'er on purpose I never knew it.  
 I ain't no murderer, and that's God's truth—  
 It seems like it was the thinkin' did it—  
 Or the devil hisself, maybe.  
 If I'd 'a' loved 'er, I mighta fell 'n' killed 'er just the same—  
 But if I did, I'd know it was a accident,  
 Even if it'd happened just like it did.  
 Now I can't tell—  
 I keep rememberin' them murderin' thoughts o' mine—  
 Me wishin' 'er dead—  
 And then she was, just like my wantin' it killed 'er.

An' yet I swear I wouldn't 'a' shot 'er if I'd knowed it —

Hell! It's drivin me bughouse!

If I knew I murdered 'er, I could stand it—

Or either if I didn't—

But this way I lay here nights' and it seems like  
I can hear the devil laughin'—

It seems like I can see myself a hangin' on the  
gibbet,

An' there's the devil dancin' there in front o' me,  
Mockin' and grinnin' 'til he drives me crazy mad—

An' then I try to kick at 'im, and miss 'im,

An' I see my body swingin' in the wind—

They'll hang me all right, I reckon,

Just like any bloody, murderin' fool —

I guess I got it comin'—

But the worst of it is this—

She'll be there waitin'.

Whether it's heaven, or whether it's hell,

She'll be there waitin'—

There ain't no gettin' rid of her, never—

An' when I think o' meetin' her there,

Waitin' for me so patient and lovin', an' pleadin'  
so pitiful for me to love 'er—

Me! that hates 'er like a deadly poison—

I could kill 'er again!

Oh, God!

That damn fool woman hangin' onto me forever—

Edna pro'bly lovin' some other guy—

#### THE OTHER WOMAN

There's hell to pay now—

Them two poor fools!

That wishy-washy wife of his 'ud drag any good  
man down—

So damn goody-goody it'd make you sick to see 'er.

Always pullin' the martyr stuff—

She didn't hafta die to be no angel; she 'uz a little  
tin angel here on earth—

Wearin' 'er halo, 'n' sproutin' wings—

The things she'd take off him!

"Because she loved 'im," she'd say—

Well, you'd better bet I'd a-showed 'em where to  
head in long ago—

They ain't no sense in lovin' no man like that—  
She should aknew better—  
I gotta life size pitcher o' myself  
Lettin' my man get away from me!  
Or hangin' on to no man that didn't want me,  
neither—  
I'd 'a' sure give 'im a piece o' my mind!  
Oh, well—I'm glad 'e killed 'er; he should done  
it long ago;  
She wuz too good to live, I allus told 'im.  
But the poor dumb idiot to go 'n get 'isself caught!  
Will I stick by 'im?  
Hell! No! It ain't my party—  
Let 'em hang 'im for all me;  
I c'n get plenty o' better men—  
Why sure I loved 'im!  
An' believe me, he's some hot papa, too!  
But they's gotta be a-nend to ever' thing,  
An' I don't see myself stuck on no jailbird,  
Nor dead man neither —  
I ain't wastin' no tears—  
I gotta date with Handsome to-night,  
'N' wouldn't I be the original dumb Dora  
To let 'im find me with nose all red?  
He's jealous as hell—  
An' besides, it ain't becomin'—

#### THE DEAD WIFE:

Don't worry, Jim—  
I know you never meant to do it.  
Why, Honey! They ain't nothin' to forgive—  
We gotta die sometime, ain't we?  
And I don't know no sweeter way  
Than sudden-like, with you.  
I was so happy, Dear—knowin' you loved me—  
That there girl, Edna, she didn't cut no ice—  
Not really.  
You always come back to me—sooner or later—  
'N' you was so good to me, Jim!  
Don't worry, Dear.  
Just take care of our babies—  
I hated to leave 'em, Jim,  
But they'll be all right with you—

An' someday you'll be comin' back to me again  
Just like you used to—  
An' I'll be waitin', Dear—  
Always waitin' 'n' lovin' you—  
Don't worry, Jim—  
Think how wonderful it's goin' to be  
When you do come,  
An' we have each other forever and ever and ever  
I've always loved you so;  
An' now I know that death don't make no difference—

*The Muskogee Phoenix.*

*Docia Karell.*

## SPOOKS

A-shaking with dread, I am frightened half dead  
When I crawl 'tween the sheets of my cold, lonely  
    bed,  
And out of the gloom of my small darkened room  
An army of spookies before me all loom.  
They stare and they glare till they stiffen my hair,  
And sit on the sofa, my dresser and chair,  
Till I am so frightened and shake through and  
    through  
When spooks from their nooks give their villainous  
    looks  
And whisper in chorus OO-OO OO-OO!

I quiver and shiver—"Oh Lord, the great Giver,"  
Please hear me, come near me, I pray thee deliver  
From all these kidnappers with arms like long  
    flappers,  
And skeletons knocking like old bony clappers.  
They smirk in their work and sit as my jury,  
And chatter and clatter, condemn me in fury,  
And I am so frightened and shake through and  
    through  
When spooks from their nooks give their villianous  
    looks  
And whisper in chorus OO-OO OO-OO.

I confess my distress, but really can't guess  
How all those grim spookies just know my address;

And why it must be they single out me  
And make so unhappy to furnish their glee.  
I'm cold in my feet, and beneath the big sheet  
Like in a great tent I am hidden complete,  
For I am so frightened and shake through and through

When spooks from their nooks give their villainous looks

And whisper in chorus OO-OO OO-OO!

*The New Canaan Advertiser.*

*H. A. H.*

### "I SHALL COME BACK"

I shall come back from fanfaronade  
Of wailing wind and graveyard panoply;  
But trembling, slip from gray Eternity—  
A mild and most bewildered little shade.  
I shall not make sepulchral midnight raid  
But softly come where I had longed to be  
In April twilight's unsung melody,  
And I, not you, shall be the one afraid.

Strange, that from lovely dreamings of the dead  
I shall come back to you, who hurt me most.  
You may not feel my hand upon your head,  
I'll be so new and inexpert a ghost.  
Perhaps you will not know that I am near,—  
And that will break my ghostly heart, my dear.

*The New York World.*

*Dorothy Parker.*

### A HOUSE SPEAKS

His hair was soft as down and yellow;  
His eyes were wells of blue;  
He was a noisy little fellow,  
And glad the whole day through.

I loved to see his mother kiss him  
And send him out to play,  
But now I ache inside and miss him  
Since he has gone away.

Folk say houses sometimes are haunted  
By ghosts that laugh or grieve—  
I wish his ghost would come undaunted  
And never, never leave.

*The Philadelphia Bulletin.*

*Rebecca Helman.*

## ANTAGONISMS

Here's to my enemy. He set the urge  
To my endeavor. When I sweep the verge  
Of yesterday's horizon, I can know  
He gave my heart today its thrill to go  
Farther and farther. I was dull and cold  
Until he strung my nerves and made me bold  
For any chance the wayfarer may meet.  
His is the eager hurry of my feet.

Here's to the jealousies that watch me pass,  
Silent and sullen in the withering grass  
Their bitterness has crisped. I cannot wait  
To give them comfort, though the open gate  
That I shall enter will not be swung back  
For such as follow blindly in my track.  
Those who would join our fellowship should be  
Generous, high of heart, like gulls at sea.

Here's to the strength of those who cannot bear  
To see my banner tossing in the air.  
My way is onward where they bar the road,  
The sunlight on their mail my inner goad.  
It is not some far end, but pushing through  
To what they would not grant me as my due  
That turns my pulse from lethargy to lilt

And makes that highway best where blood is spilt.  
I lift this cup, my fellows,—not to you,  
Not to the tested hands and hearts that drew  
Beside me to the onset—but to all  
The leaguered host that burned to see us fall.  
They gave us dreams of what should yet be won

And turned our eager faces to the sun.  
I drink this cup to those who would have slain  
All hope within us. They have died in vain.  
*The New York Times. Lewis Worthington Smith.*

### THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

Over the roof of the house next door I look off on  
the bay.  
A path leads straight through the Golden Gate. . . .  
My spirit steps away.  
On ships that leisurely swim the seas, bales of my  
thoughts are sent;  
I stretch my hands, my heart strings, to the mystic  
Orient.  
The languid figure of Tamalpais, asleep in the distant  
air,  
Has become my most familiar friend: even her  
dreams I share.  
Over the roof of the house next door the burdened  
wind intones,—  
Bears my good-night beyond my sight, to the fog-  
hid Farallones.  
Under the roof of the house next door a child died  
yesterday.  
They carried a coffin, white and small, down the  
path and away.  
I do not know my neighbor's name; I dare not  
ring her bell.  
My friends are clouds and mountain tops. . . And  
have I chosen well?  
*The Oakland Tribune. Clara Maxwell Taft.*

### ODE TO A FARMER-MAID.

Have you seen her blithely swinging through the  
pastures and the meads,  
With her starry eyes, and lips as red as ripe pom-  
egranate seeds?  
Have you heard her gayly laughing in the Dawn's  
rose-blushing face,  
Where the little streams meander, weaving pat-  
terns sheer as lace?



Have you felt her sparkling presence near the  
gushing, spring-born wells,  
Where the crystal bubbles gurgle like a thousand  
little bells?

I have sought her many mornings where the golden  
cow-slips bloom,  
As fantastic and delightful as a breath of rare  
perfume.

Ere the break of day I spied her in the periwinkle  
mist,  
And I spied a dainty imprint where her feet the  
dew had kissed.

Through the clover-fields she rambled, singing to  
a pink-splashed sky;  
Vivid as a tiger-lily, swaying when the wind flees  
by.

Through her hair a tipsy wind capriced, and tossed  
it airily —  
Oh, the hair that danced and rippled like the waves  
beside Capri.

I could hear her softly crooning as she tripped her  
way along,  
Like a lilting brook in springtime poured the  
liquid of her song.

As I crossed the fields to meet her, violet eyes  
were turned to me  
From a face like alabaster in its chisled purity.

Ere a brief, bewildered moment, like a startled  
bird she'd flown,  
As the storm-cloud blots the sunshine, left me  
spellbound and alone.

But I've met her many mornings since that unfor-  
gotten day,  
In the twilight; in the moonlight, dallied blissful  
hours away.

In the morning on the morrow, when the foggy  
shadows fade,  
I shall hasten to the clover-fields, and claim my  
farmer-maid.

*The Michigan Farmer.*

*Helen Janet Miller*

## ON THE NORTH-BOUND TRAIN

Winter wakes and snow falls deep;  
Slow through drifts the drivers creep,  
Bent by the weight of breathing freight,  
Man-brute strength and brute-man hate.

Sinew and blood and the untaught brain  
Crowd in the coach of the north-bound train;  
Pipe and pack and the amber flask  
Cheer the way to the winter's task.

Beat by the craft of unscarred hands,  
They go to war with the timberlands;  
The town-fear fades and the languid eye  
Lights with the oaths of Do or Die!

Leather and felt and the bear-skin coat,  
Grime and grit and the open throat  
Curse the cost of the world they've known,  
Lift their burden and seek their own.

The badger, the wolf and swagger bear  
Are hunted here and hunted there,  
And live with their gods as best they can,  
Than trust the hearts of their fellow-man.

Gurgle, steam! and stagger, train!  
Worse is the curse of scar and pain  
That wait in the wilds for men of toil  
The world sends out to wrest her spoil.

*The Detroit News.*

*Ivan Swift.*

## A COWPUNCHER WATCHES THE CROWD

(NOTE—It has been said that Tex Austin's Rodeo cowboys got more kick out of watching New Yorkers on the streets than the Gothamites did in seeing the wil' cwpunchers perform)

Hi, Pete! Yeah, I'm a-playin' corner post.  
Lost? No. jest standin' herd and judgin' stock!  
Why sure! It's jest like sortin' cattle, Pete,  
To watch folks come a-shovin' down the block.

Go to a show? Hell, no! What for? This here's  
The show. It kinder makes me homesick, too.  
Reminds a man of Dogie Williams' bunch—  
All mixed—hey, look! Old Spotty's comin' through  
Doggone my hide, if that old girl ain't jest

The twin fer Dogie's pinto cow we found  
Up Horse Thief Creek! Yeah—fat one there with  
furs.

See how she horns her way and holds her ground?  
But looky, Pete! Jest like old Spot she knows  
Which ones won't take no hornin' from a cow.  
She's edged her way around that muley bull—  
I mean that necky banker—see 'em? Wow!

That there's a right pert heifer comin' by!  
I'd easy say she's pure-bred Hereford from the  
way

She's slender at the ankles and still shows  
She's built to carry meat? What did you say?  
Quit starin'? Why, you scrub, these folks don't  
care

How much one pore cowpuncher reads their  
brands!

I ain't no more to them—not near as much—  
As dudes is to Tom Talle's cows—or hands.

Gee whimpers! What a lot of two-year olds!  
Them fellers there—and heifers too—all sleek  
And dainty-steppin' stuff; might fool yuh Pete.  
Jest like scrub cows that gits smooth in a week  
But never has no meat inside their skins.  
Slick lookin' hide ain't never been no sign  
Of breedin' underneath—no more for folks,  
I reckon, than it is fer cows like mine.  
It's more the way their bones is built, and how  
Their heads is shaped and—oh, I guess you know  
Jest what I mean—it's even in their eyes—  
Yeah, meanin' cows and folks. Now ain't it so?

And listen, Pete, remember how the cows  
Leave all their calves in some old bossy's care  
While they go grazin' with the bunch? Now  
watch—

Here looks like lots of "mamma-cows," but where  
Are all their calves? School? Well, yes, I guess  
Schoolmarms is meant, like critters on the range,  
To do their job,—Move on? Why, who are you?  
A bull? Gee, Pete, aint human cattle strange?

*The Santa Fe New Mexican.*      *S. Omar Barker.*

## I TAKE THE SLASHIN' YET

Besides the River Ki-ji-ken  
I've got a pan o' sky,  
A wall o' swamp it's settin' on  
An' half-a-story sty.

But when I've took to wanderin'  
To see the tinker's town  
I hoof it back a-ponderin'—  
An' kick the bridges down.

The burg is like a hootin' owl  
A-blinkin' in the sun;  
Her lingo like a guinea-fowl  
A-braggin' what he's done.

The bosses numbers ninety-eight,  
The skidders two or three;  
And twict a year they navigate  
With ordinary tea.

The pickin's on the mucky flat  
Is famishin' the ewes;  
But when I flags a counter-bat  
A-froggin' of his dues—

I takes to beetles in the weeds,  
Or turtles on the scum,  
An' calculates o' human deeds  
A beaver's doin' some.

The weeds an' winds is upper-class,  
An' what they got they give.  
From singin' down to scurvy-grass—  
To help a logger live.

In place o' guessin' what they thinks  
An' croakin' on their pains,  
They holds their ends an' drinks their drinks  
An' dances when it rains.

Our bunks is in a pair o' sleighs,  
Our mess is what we get;  
But, scalin' cities seven ways,  
I take the slashin' yet.

*The Grand Rapids Herald.*

*Ivan Swift.*

## LOOKING BACK

I am traveling back o'er the dim old track  
To the days of eighty-nine  
Where a vast domain of wind swept plain  
Lay just across the line.

I'm riding again with thousands of men  
In the greatest "horse race" on earth,  
On memory's screens I view the old scenes  
That gave a commonwealth birth.

'Twas an April day, calm and fair as May,  
The hour was 12 o'clock, noon,  
When the "opening gun" set us all arun  
For the land of opportune.

The stars were bright on the previous night  
And a thousand camp fires shone  
All round the land that the pioneer band  
Was hoping the next day to own.

In the camp fires' glare, all worry and care,  
Was banished by unanimous rule,  
While the cry rang clear from afar and near,  
"Oh, Joe, here's your mule."

The pesky coyote tried out his throat  
In a long and dismal wail,

For he knew his day must fast fade away  
Where the white man rides the trail.

When the night was gone and the breaking dawn  
Brought the sunlight over the hill,  
Each camp was astir, and the clank of spur  
Was a scene that gave one a thrill.

There was bacon frying on embers dying.

And "flap-jacks" in the pan

With strong coffee hot, in the blackened old pot  
To revive the inner man.

When breakfast was done, almost every one  
Moved quietly into place

To await the time on the border line

For the hour of the crucial race

When the bugle's blast sounded out at last,

Or a pistol shot was fired,

They raced o'er the plain of this great domain  
For the claim they so much desired.

For Kentucky steed of thoroughbred breed  
Against Missouri's mule was pitted,

While the old ox cart took a twelve hour start,  
And had them both outwitted.  
Over hill and dale, without track or trail,  
Those racing horsemen went riding,  
While antelope and deer ran away in fear  
From the places they had been hiding.

At the close of the day there was joy or dismay  
In the heart of every "Boomer"  
For the race was done, he had lost or won,  
Or been cheated by a "Sooner."  
Then came days of want, the wolf lean and gaunt  
Tried the brave pioneers' mettle  
But they had the grit, and refused to quit  
The claims they had chosen to settle.  
With arduous toil they subdued the soil  
Until bounteous crops were gathered,  
While cities were planned that will always stand  
As monuments to the storms they weathered.  
I am travelling back over the dim old track  
To Oklahoma's great natal day,  
I'm riding along with that mighty throng  
Who are now growing hoary and gray,  
I'm riding back to the old claim shack  
That stood close to the section line,  
I am living again with those pioneer men —  
The "Boomers" of eighty-nine.

*The Oklahoma City Times.*

*John W. Beard.*

## OPENING OF "THE STRIP"

September 16, 1893.

Mid-day in mid-September, hot and dry,  
The parched fields lift brown faces to the sky;

A buzzard high in gyratory flight  
Marks for his feast below a carrion sight;  
The sun upon meridian looking down  
Beholds the founding of a little town,  
Where thudding hoof-beats cause the earth to quake  
And eager racers pause to drive the stake.  
Here man oblivious to plinth and dome  
Pulls taut the canvas roof and calls it home

While trekking wagons halt beneath a tree  
And history hand writes Eighteen Ninety-three.

*The Ponca City News.*

*Ruth Olive Angel.*

## A BASEBALL BALLADE

Once more the seasonable year  
Makes green the diamond with its dew  
And like a wandering voice we hear  
The gathering fans—loud sing cuckoos!  
Sport columns bloom with spicy news;  
Taboo are mat and court and ring;  
Sing we the pennant, faithful muse,  
We all are champions in the spring.

A crack of bat on gleaming sphere,  
A blur of sox and cleated shoes,  
A speeding fielder, not too near,  
Yay! Come on home you buckaroos!  
Now even the umpire gets his dues;  
Grim death long since has lost his sting;  
We've got a team that can not lose;  
We all are champions in the spring.

What if the dopesters are austere?  
What if we know the race subdues  
Seven out of eight with pace severe?  
He still may win who still pursues.  
Tho Fortune flatters him who woos,  
Her arms are thrilling while they cling;  
She lingers long in her adieus;  
We all are champions in the spring.

### ENVOY

Hail, happy season that renews  
Youthful delight in everything!  
Laurel's a gift that's good to use,  
We all are champions in the spring.

*The Wichita Beacon.*

*Kirke Mechem.*

## THE LAD FROM ABERDEEN

Come a' ye Scots who skirl the pipes, bedeck't in  
tartan plaid,  
The gowfing crown adorns the brow of our ain  
canty lad.  
Sing, hey, the land of Bobbie Burns, aye strang  
upon the green,  
Sing, ho, for Will Macfarlane, from the town of  
Aberdeen.

There was prate of Walter Hagen, whyles the  
putts went clinkin' down;  
Some said Mac Smith, the pawky lad, wad bear  
awa the crown;  
There were cheers for Johnny Farrell an' the  
"Wearin' of the Green,"  
But diel a mon spoke up for Will or mentioned Ab-  
erdeen.

There was Barnes, from jolly England, and Diegel  
and the rest,  
They gathered a' from near and fa', and from  
the east and west;  
Rab Jones was there—that wonder chiel!—until  
the final green,  
Where he fell before the putting blade of Will of  
Aberdeen.  
Then Highlandmen and Lowlandmen, frae Dun-  
fries to the North  
Ring out the praise of Winsome Will across the  
Firth of Forth;  
'Twas a braw shot from the heather to Worches-  
ter's winning green  
But he made it—ay, Macfarlane, the lad from Ab-  
erdeen.

*The New York Herald Tribune. John Kierman.*

## NOW

I would not turn the pages back  
To any day that's past  
Nor would I look into the days  
That come so fleet and fast.

I would not live again old years  
And make old, sad mistakes,  
I would not shed the same old tears  
And meet the same heartbreaks.

Nor would I press ahead to reach  
The future's joy and pain;  
Let me but hold these dear days close  
That may not come again.

*The New York Sun.*

*Clarissa Brooks.*



## FLOYD COLLINS' CAVE

*(Written as the ancient song-ballads of Kentucky  
were written.)*

Oh, they say he is buried as deep as can be,  
And the shovels thud down on the oily clay  
Oh, Floyd Collins slid to a hole in the hill  
*And he's buried thar fur from the gold of the day.*

And thar's moaning—a moaning  
Back in the cave,  
Floyd Collins' cavern is Floyd Collins' grave!

Floyd ruther crawl to the gateway of hell  
Than work with his Pa who loved him so well—  
Down in the earth thar was fairies and elves  
And they tole him secrets that he wouldn't tell . . .  
What's jest beyond, in the turn of the slide—  
Thar in the damp whar the cave crickets hide?  
Less' go and see, Floyd, less' go and see—  
*And they left him to sleep in the tomb whar he  
died.*

And thar's moaning—a moaning  
Back in the cave,  
Floyd Collins' palace is Floyd Collins' grave!

Yay! And he found it—a silver lit hall  
Further than Egypt and under a wall;  
Big di'mond boulders that dripped with gold,  
Fox-fire torches and that wasn't all . . .  
Nobody ever saw Floyd's cave afore,  
Nobody crawls in the hole anymore;  
Floyd in his deep palace rules thar alone—  
*Floyd in his last sleep guards the one door. . . .*

And thar's angels a-singing  
Fur in the cave—  
Floyd Collins' heaven is Floyd Collins' grave!  
*The Chicago Daily Tribune. MacKinlay Kantor.*

## AMY LOWELL.

Now she is one with Beauty. She who heard  
The call of loveliness in each rare thing  
Of craft or nature; lilacs, night of spring,  
Feel of warm fur; old volumes, crossed and  
    blurred  
The subtlety of sound, the soul of a word;  
Her fire-lit group in friendly loitering;  
Great tragedy, quick humor, thoughts that sing  
In the sweet passion of a bard or bird.

Now she is strong, who faltered not in pain  
From her beloved task, and joyous she  
Who loved bright youth; eager and fleet again,  
Companioned in a high felicity,  
"Among the poets" whom she died to praise.  
Now she is one with Beauty for all days.

*The Boston Transcript. Abbie Farwell Brown.*

## ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Here is a man who is four square,  
Of humble birth but noble air,  
    Who drank the dregs of poverty,  
    And gave his life that men be free.  
And live in hope and not despair.

In peace he sleeps without a care,  
'Neath granite shaft and winding stair,  
    Still pointing upward hopefully,  
    Here is a man!

No craggy height he did not dare,  
Nor eagle's flight he did not share;  
    With outstretched sail upon the sea,  
    His ship swept on for Liberty,  
Till safely anchored Over There,  
    Here is a man!

*Henry Polk Lowenstein.*  
*The White Hall Register—Republican.*

## AMY LOWELL.

Let no biographer, like artisan  
Who molds an image from the metal say  
"She was—she said," for such are partisan  
To death, its fulsome weakness and decay,  
And Amy Lowell lives! The whimsical,  
Strange, hidden something which we call her  
soul

So interwoven in the magical  
Sweet cadence of her rhythms found the goal  
It sought, and laughing threw the cloak away  
Which served its fleshly purpose for a day.

Ah, what a royal welcome Keats extends  
First at the swinging Door! The happy host  
Of poet-spirits stand as waiting friends  
While she, the weary one, desiring most  
A little respite from the earthly grind  
Finds rest in such a port. Her garments spread  
And flow like lyrics on celestial wind—  
Yet there be those who speak of her as dead!  
When lesser word-forms shrivel and disperse  
Her voice shall trumpet through the universe!  
*The Baltimore Sun.*      *Anna Hamilton Wood.*

## FAREWELL LA FOLLETTE!

The end must come to all men,  
To mighty and to small men.  
(But who can measure which is which by human  
measuring line?)  
We only know the ripe time  
Has come to you, of all men,  
The one whose record and whose deeds bespoke a  
clean design.

Your heart was big for loving.  
Your brothers were your brothers.  
(You held contempt for brotherhood whose other  
name was "class.")  
You fought a valiant battle  
With hate you met in others,  
A hatred which was hollow as the ring of sound-  
ing brass.

The ideals which you sponsored  
Were for finer, nobler living,  
(The world has scoffed at ideals since those raised  
in Galilee!)  
Yet you bore the brunt and burden,  
All the struggle of free giving.  
God grant the coming years may open eyes of men  
to see!

So farewell, farewell, La Follette!  
May your well earned rest be tender.  
(Tender as the soul of you which so few really  
knew!)  
And the memory we cherish  
Of a great heart's free surrender—  
Ah, may it light the shadowed path as you would  
have it do!

*The Baltimore Sun.*

*Anna Hamilton Wood.*

#### CUSTER.

Still winds the Big Horn's crooked stream,  
Silvered or dark as sunlight wills;  
Ancient and scarred and mystic seem  
The gray, rock-strewn, half-glassless hills,  
'Twas here in eighteen seventy six,  
As June flowers filled the lonely land,  
That Custer, prey of Siouan tricks,  
Fell, and his little fighting band.

A warm breeze fans, as on that day  
Those troopers joined their deeds of fame.  
Grim stone to journeyers display  
The formal date, the immortal name.  
From swinging trails the dust swirls rise,  
The grouse slants to the parching plain,  
Above outspread the same vague skies;  
Forever rife with hints of rain.

Here, in a hopeless ambush trap  
George Custer and his little squad,  
A Sioux wall without a break or gap  
Surrounding, rose to meet their God.  
I have no doubt he welcomed them,  
As heroes from a blood-wet grave,  
Who, one to ten, yet strove to stem  
That flood of hate—God loves the brave.

I, who go plodding to the field,  
Or at my desk roll cigarettes,  
I, of the pen,—how small the yield!  
While they—an hour—and none forgets,  
Flow onward, Big Horn, Yellowstone,  
Press on, Missouri, to the sea;  
Custer, his comrades are our own,  
Ours now and to eternity.

*The Sioux City Journal.*

*Will Chamberlain.*

## THE BALLAD OF CAP STREETER

Cap rose at sunset out of the lake,  
A gun in one hand and a writ in the other;  
He was the bitter-cold lake's bad brother.

*Fight—ye plutocrats,*

*Fight—ye kings—*

*Sneer from the velvet of soft-lined cabs!*

*I got the power the north wind brings—*

*An' I'll see ye in hell*

*An' I'll see ye in hell . . .*

He built a bulwark of ice, they say,  
And he wriggled his dirty hide down to the river  
And pounded the hosts of the Palmers away;  
He lived on oatmeal, he lived on liver.

Oh, he fought through the steam

Of the ugliest years—

He swore that he'd load up

And fight them again!

*Sing of yer Drives and yer Bolyvards clean . .*

*I own the Deestriect of Lake Michigan.*

*An' I'll see ye in hell!*

Cap, he had armies of swordfish behind him,  
Blue-spangled trout, and the breakwater wolves;  
All of the creatures that live in the shallows  
Swarmed to his standard and lined up beside him  
Ma with her skillet, and Cap with his gun,  
And a bold skirmish line by a rusty tin can . . .  
*Git from my premises! Jesus Christ saw me*  
*Squat on the Deestriect of Lake Michigan.*

Still in the storm when the green waves are nasty,  
Running up Erie, you'll see his thin ghost  
Chasing reporters with brickbats and fury . . .  
*I own the Deestriect of Lake Michigan!*  
*I squatted here before ye can remember;*  
*All the fish know me—all the wet stones.*  
*Tear down the houses, tear up the paving,*  
*Git the hell outa here.*

Ice cakes and bones,  
Bestial spray, fog-horns,  
River marsh stench—  
*This is the Deestriect of Lake Michigan!*  
*An' I'll see ye in hell. . . .*

*The Chicago Tribune.*                      *MacKinlay Kantor.*

### CHOPIN.

Between each page a hidden fragrance lies  
For him who seeks. There are bold visions  
there—

Elusive visions, castles made of air—  
Or other children, creatures of surprise!  
The creatures of caprice, of mournful sighs,  
Of merriment and grief too great to bear—  
All show the impress of the master's care,  
So bitter-sweet their natures harmonize.

The tangled arabasques of golden tone  
Are tapestries of interwoven sound.  
Their tonal splendors oft are lightly thrown,  
The underlying harmonies around.  
These none may see who hath not vision known,  
Or ever hear—who hath not hearing found!

*The Baltimore Sun.*                      *George Schaun.*

### ROBERT LA FOLLETTE

Honor him now for honor is his due;  
He builded well a temple strong and tall,  
A mighty leader and a master, too;  
He gave our land a vibrant battle call  
That shall re-echo through the coming years  
When mouths of lesser men are filled with dust

And all their slighting words have changed to  
cheers.

Then shall we hail his vanquished cause as just:  
Ideals formed his goal; his only fears  
Were that his cherished dreams be dimmed with  
rust.

Though hung in effigy as he has been,  
Still shall he live in clean, undaunted pride:  
We speak of him as "radical" . . . but then  
On Calvary one such was crucified.

*The Deseret News.*

*Edith Cherrington.*

### WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

He sleeps—  
No roar of battle now  
Calls color to his cheek  
No challenge knits his brow  
No perils does he seek  
But falling where he stood  
For lofty things—and good  
He Sleeps—

He sleeps.  
Yet in his life acquired  
Thru consecrated zeal  
Like those of old inspired  
The tryst of that ideal:  
The brotherhood of men  
Whose bond is Love—and then  
He sleeps.

He sleeps—  
Who fought a noble fight  
And ever kept the Faith  
Ne'er armor shone more bright  
Than his—whose shining saith  
His victories shall grow  
Thru all the year—altho  
He sleeps.

*The Chicago Evening Post.*     *Charles A. Heath.*

## HIDDEN COUNTRY

"My mind to me a kingdom is," he said,  
That gentle poet of the long ago,  
And he was right, for I have found it so;  
And there are valleys, cedar-dark, and fed  
By shining springs, and drowsy plains, rust-red  
With leagues of flowers, where great waters  
flow,  
Where cloud-crowned peaks dream in a sap-  
phire row,  
And weary winds find a luxurious bed;  
  
And there are cities, fair with iris towers,  
And castles, girt with opal as a dream,  
And secret gardens, gemmed with wizard flowers,  
Where birds of unknown beauty drift and  
gleam;—  
These wonders, and a thousand more, I find  
Within the pleasant country of my mind.

*The Dallas Morning News. Bertha Hart Nance.*

## MY CHINA

### POEMS

O my China!  
Never yet have I really met thee!  
Never yet have I known thy heart!  
Yet I am ever conscious of thy existence—  
I, thy poor son, in a house that gives no welcome  
Where thy name is a byword, a byword and a  
taunt . . . .

O my China!  
Mine ears have heard,  
Mine eyes have witnessed  
These things:  
Thy sons and daughters despised, cheated, beaten  
murdered  
Because thy blood is their blood!



O my China!  
My sincere, tolerant, good-natured China.  
What praises dost thou not deserve!  
But thy sons and daughters—  
There is left them not even tears.

### MADMEN AND CHILDREN

There are the madmen and children:  
The madmen are my teachers;  
The children are my friends.  
I follow the madmen.  
But I walk with the children  
Into the land of light.

### THE FOOL

"What did you do, you fool?"  
The missionary professor  
Smites the door-keeper on the cheek  
And growls at him.  
He thinks the missionaries have done their work  
In such a successful way  
That every Chinese may follow the words of  
Christ.

But, alas, the door-keeper fails  
To turn to him the other cheek  
After the one has been smitten.

*The Chinese Student's Monthly.*      *Kwei Chen.*

### WAITING

No more do longhorns roam the range,  
No more do cowboys ride the trails;  
The water holes are fenced with wire . . .  
Sadly the lonesome coyote wails.

Wistful, silent, lonely and old,  
Dreaming of the days that have gone,  
The cowman awaits God's roundup,  
Holding fast the cards he has drawn.

*The Denver Post.*

*E. Richard Shipp.*

## CHOICE

Could I but have my choice of anything,  
The melody of singing nightingale,  
Of lily buds unfolding, soft and pale,  
Or clustered nook where children play and swing;  
An alchemy to which new hopes might cling,  
A quiet morn, a gentle summer breeze,  
A peaceful starlit night with cares at ease,  
Or fragrance of the daffodils in spring;

A crystal pool, or golden glint of snow,  
Pale moonbeams stealing softly through the  
night,  
The voice of Love, the rustle of a tree;  
My choice would be the loveliness, the glow  
Within a picture gleaming through white light  
Of Him, who gives these wonted things to me.

*The Columbus Dispatch. Tessa Sweazy Webb.*

## IN THE DAWN OF TIME.

Deep in the mammoth woods no man remembers,  
By streams whose vanished waters no man  
knows,  
A Cave-Lad crouched before the cavern embers  
And brooded on his people's joys and woes.

"It's an old, old world," he murmured,  
"An old, old world and fair,  
The dust of buried ages  
Whispers from earth and air,  
And the bones of ancient races  
Are scattered everywhere.

"It's an old, old world, but pleasant  
And laden with memories  
Of how our bold forefathers  
Roamed over plains and seas,  
And how the antique ape-men  
Came stooping from the trees."

\* \* \*

Still lost in dreams, the Cave-Lad left his fire,  
And at the granite cavern door he stood,  
Hearing the birds in multitudinous choir  
Charm the dense leafage of the virgin wood.

"It's an old, old grove," he murmured,  
"But sadly marred by man.  
How magical the glens and hills  
Before our rule began!—  
Before the shouts and swinging clubs  
Of the boisterous hunting clan!

"It's an old, old grove, but peopled  
By creatures foul and dread,  
By sabre-tooth and panther  
And bear and copperhead.  
And these shall howl and mutter  
When all our tribe are dead."

\* \* \* \*

The Cave-Lad sighed, and wandered back to muse  
Near the log fire on the cavern floor,  
Gazing at quaint designs in many hues  
Carved on bare rock a thousand years before.

"It's an old, old cave," he murmured,  
"An old, old ghostly cave,  
Haunted by hands and faces  
Long in a nameless grave.  
Men that the wolves have taken,  
Men slain by storm or wave.

"It's an old, old cave, but shielded  
By arms long passed away.  
Oh, let us toil and struggle  
To be as brave as they,  
And build a fair tomorrow  
On our glorious today!"

\* \* \*

Deep in the mammoth woods no man remembers,  
By streams whose vanished waters no man  
knows,  
A Cave-Lad crouched before the cavern embers  
And brooded on his people's joys and woes.

*The New York Times.*

*Stanton A. Coblenz.*

## WINTER MAGIC

Stray moonbeams dance across the snow-lapped  
meadow

And chase their shadowy lacings thru the trees,  
Whose gaunt arms, powdered deep in dazzling  
splendor,

Lift shaky fingers as the night winds tease.

The little brook which babbled thru the summer,  
Now threads the hush of newly drifted snow,  
Like some forgotten ring of frosted silver,  
Plaything of pixies in the long ago.

Stilled is the song of katydid and cricket,  
Deep in his hole the chattering chipmonk hides:  
Alone, the fiery cardinal dreams of summer,  
As winter magic broods and silence bides.

*The Philadelphia Bulletin.*     *Anne M. Robinson.*

## A LEGEND.

The three kings in their purple and brocade  
Came to the holy manger. Mary wept  
Weak tears of pride at those rich gifts they laid  
Upon the clean straw where the young Child slept.  
"How beautiful the golden ball," she said  
"The box of myrrh, the alabaster jug  
Of incense. Put them here beside my head  
To keep for Him, beneath the saddle-rug."

The Child grew swiftly. When He came to be  
A stripling, Joseph helped Him make a chest  
To put His childish treasures in; the three  
Gifts, and His Sabbath robe seamless vest.

And Christ would raise the lid of olive wood  
And let His brothers look, when they were good.

Then came the scourge to Nazareth, and all  
The family but Christ, were stricken down.  
He sold the Gold at the money-changer's stall  
And took his sick to hills above the town.  
But Joseph kept the scourge's mark, and died  
Lingeringly; so Jesus gave the Myrrh  
To spice his tomb. . . And Mary thought, "A bride  
My Christ will want, sometime. He'll give to her

The Frankincense." . . . Undreamed of was that  
day.

That Friday, when her anguish found no tear  
Till, kneeling by His treasure-chest to pray,  
She found a scrawl, dated in His twelfth year:

"This is the nicest Gift of all I had . . .

For Mother. . Open sometime when you're sad. "

*The Kinsley Graphic.*

*May Williams Ward.*

### I HAVE SEEN AMERICA

How dare you banter me for being gone  
These dozen years into the Woolly West?  
What have you seen, who see Manhattan Island  
And never trek beyond Hoboken Heights?  
Why, fellow, I have seen America!

I'll chant for you a nomenclature poem:  
Ohio, Indiana, Illinois,  
Wisconsin, Minnesota, Michigan,  
Missouri, Kansas, Iowa, Nebraska,  
Kentucky, Tennessee, the two Dakotas,  
Titanic Texas, Utah, Idaho,  
Wyoming, Colorado, Arkansas,  
Montana, California, Oregon,  
Alaska, Washington, New Mexico,  
Nevada, Louisiana, Oklahoma,  
The names themselves are lyrics and the list  
An epic. I have read and loved them all,  
Absorbed their inspiration, fed on them  
Until I am myself your Woolly West.

---

I tell you I have seen America!  
What have you seen, who for a score of years  
Have seen Manhattan and the Palisades?  
You have seen subways, elevated tracks,  
The swirl of whizbang taxicabic traffic,  
The white bright lights of Broadway and the girls  
Whose painted lips and whited cheeks and noses  
Look ghastly, and the spatted ogling dudes;  
And in the side streets you have seen the wraiths  
Of womanhood soliciting the ruins  
Of things that once were men or might have been;  
And you have seen the leg-shows under roof,

And watched the antics of the jazzy actors  
Performing jazzy plays for jazzy morons;  
And you have seen the canyoned streets downtown  
The fading splendors of the Avenue,  
And—anything at all worth while, I wonder? . . .  
Yes—joy, O joy!—the gentle, drowsy cats—  
The cats serene amid the mad wild rush. . . .  
The one delicious, lyric loveliness  
In all your whooping city, sleeping cats,  
That care no tinker's damn for all your jazz  
But takes their ease upon the brownstone stoops  
And dream of Catnip Heavens—happy cats!  
The only truly happy denizens  
Of this conglomeration. Have you seen them,  
Or has the cat-contentment passed you by?  
I wonder. . . . I have seen America!

---

Ha, fellow, banter me no more! I say  
I've seen America since I escaped  
Manhattan! I have seen the Mississippi,  
A wriggling ribbon from St. Anthony's Falls  
To the Eads Jetties at New Orleans,  
Badging the bosom of a continent;  
And I have seen the pines of Washington,  
The firs of Oregon, the great sequoias  
Of California, punching holes in clouds,  
Their topmost branches tickling angels' toes.  
Sierras, Rockies, canyons cut by gods,  
And with the gods and goddesses by moonlight  
Spooning upon the everlasting benches  
With never a copper from the Morals Court  
To spoil their petting parties. . . I have seen  
Outlaws in Texas by the Rio Grande  
Shoot seven sheriffs whilst they rustled cattle,  
And I myself have felt the epic thrill  
Of bullets binging all about my ears—  
And you have paid your thirty-seven cents  
(Including war-tax) to observe Tom Mix,  
Bill Hart, or what's-his-name—some counterfeit  
Bad man—do movie stunts that never happened,  
And then a fadeout with a rouge-lipped "star"  
Being slobbered over by a phony "hero"—  
Whilst I have kissed three girls in Albuquerque,  
Mexic-Americano señoritas

With lips like sundered roses, eyes like mirrors  
And bosoms bountiful as chaste Diana's  
When that enamored lady of the moon  
Stoops to caress the drowsed Endymion!

---

What have you seen whilst I have seen America?  
Reserve your fire next time I visit Gotham,  
Or shoot at something you can hit and hurt . . .  
Now let's parade in Forty-second street  
And see those lions sitting on the steps  
Before your Public Bastile of the Books,  
Reminding me somehow of certain states  
Of cast-iron dogs that used to occupy  
Lawn space in old Jim Slocum's big front yard  
At Willow Springs, Missouri. I have caught  
And caged (and liberated, through remorse)  
And vastly more artistic, April last,  
A couple o' cats almost as large as these  
On Pawnee Johnson's rancho in Wyoming,  
Spending a week-end there with Bucky Rhodes  
And flirting lightsomely with Bucky's daughters,  
Two cowgirl belles who fancied me a softy  
Because I'm from the East—St. Louis, Missouri!

What have you seen, and kissed, and flirted with  
Here in Manhattan? What exhilarations  
Of sense and spirit have been yours conventioned  
With customs stale as last week's clabbered milk?  
What poesies are yours in this damned chasm  
Of racuous insults to the auricles,  
Where one can't hear the music of the spheres  
Because of this staccato of discordance?  
Why Holy Cats! . . . Which fetches me again  
To that placidity of perfect art,  
Sole compensation for my fortnight here,  
The cats, the drowsing cats, the dreaming cats,  
The don't-care, never-give-a-damn, contented  
Unrushing, unbewildered, unafraid,  
Old-timey Toms and Tabbies living nature  
And being poems, O unconscious poems!

I'm glad I came, since I have seen the cats!  
What have you seen these dozen years since I  
Went Westward? . . . I have seen America!

*The New York World.*

*Robertus Love.*

## HUMAN HEARTS

It surely is surprisin' what these human hearts  
can hold—

Jest enough o' strength an' courage to endure an  
make us bold;

Jest enough o' inner sunshine to dispel the gloom  
o' night.

An' a buoyancy o' feelin' fer to make the burdens  
light.

They embrace a lot o' worry too, an' sufferin' an  
woe,

An' they almost stop a-throbbin' when the light o'  
hope burns low;

But there always is a somethin' that revives an'  
carries on—

Sets us workin' an' a waitin' for the comin' o' the  
dawn.

They are full o' disappointment that are bitter  
with despair;

They are heaped up high with ruins o' the dreams  
we've nourished there.

But they're blest with strength an' power, an'  
materials galore,

Fer to build the castles higher than they've ever  
been before.

They contain a bit o' hatred an' a lot o' jealousy.  
(All o' us have jest a little, even you, my friend,  
an' me)

But they hold a lot o' kindness, too, an' tenderness  
an' love.

So the hate an' jealous feelin's are forgiven up  
above.

They are haunted by the shadows of the goals we  
might have won,

An' the smiles we might have given, an' the good  
we might have done.

Yes, they have a little tendency toward the shallow  
things,

But they hold a lot o' heaven fer to cure the evil  
stings.



They are hiding many secrets that are sacred to  
our souls,  
An, a wealth o' cherished memories are written on  
their scrolls,  
Which they often bring to bless us in our time of  
loneliness  
When we long for days departed, or a loved one's  
fond caress.

Ev'ry heart holds many shadows—imps o' pain  
an' doubtin' strife  
But they're necessary evils that must come in  
ev'ry life.  
There's so much o' love an' goodness stored in  
ev'ry human heart,  
That the shadows seek the corners when we try  
to do our part.

We can make this life seem brighter, if we fill our  
hearts with love  
An' the nobler things that bring us nearer to our  
God above.  
Though our hearts hold many shadows, we can  
make them shine like gold,  
Fer it surely is surprisin' what the human heart  
can hold!

*The Deseret News*

*Walter M. Horne.*

## FAITH

Doubting never won a battle,  
Doubting never made a name,  
Doubting ne'er made shekels rattle—  
It is *faith* that wins the game.

Doubting never won a lassie,  
Doubting never staked a claim,  
Doubting always has been passe—  
It is *faith* that wins the game.

It's *faith* in the thing you're doing,  
It's *faith* in the things you plan,  
It's *faith* in your heart a-brewing  
That writes "*Success*" and "*You Can.*"

*The Warren-Forest Times.*

*J. Roy Zeiss.*

## LULLABY

Go to sleep, my darling blue-eyed baby,  
Cuddle close in mother's arms, my dear,  
Sandman's on the way, I hear him coming;  
Close your little eyes and do not fear,  
Mother's arms will be a boat for baby,  
So sail away across the dark, blue sea;  
Then when you have visited all the fairies,  
Sail right back to Daddy dear, and me.

Go to sleep, my darling, little baby,  
Travel off to slumberland tonight,  
Then when you are tired, dear, of roaming,  
Come back in the morning when 'tis light.  
Angels will be watching o'er you, baby,  
Lest you should fall in slumberland, you see,  
Now, close your eyes and go to sleep, my darling,  
But come back again to Daddy dear, and me.

*The Deseret News.*      *Elizabeth Fechsler Hanson.*

## KEEPSAKES

I have often wished, my baby, that when you went  
to stay,  
They had taken all your little things and hidden  
them away,  
Your old rag doll, named "Sally," your little rock-  
ing chair  
Standing by the window — you left it empty  
there—  
And no one rocks your dolly or hums the lilting  
tune  
Of the song about the "Sunbeam" you liked so  
well to croon.

I find no touch of solace in your little folded  
clothes,  
They are like the wilted petals that have fallen  
from a rose;  
There is no consoling mem'ry in the little shoes  
you wore,  
They are just the mocking echo of your footsteps  
on the floor;

I hoarded all your treasures, for then I didn't  
know  
That the things you used to love the best had  
power to hurt me so.  
And I often wish, my baby, when death consumed  
your light,  
They had taken all your little things and hid them  
from my sight.

*The Salt Lake Tribune.*

*Edith Cherrington.*

### THE HOME OF THE JEW

Turn my face to the East, tho I'll never be there—  
For the hours of my journey are run,  
But our Daystar is rising and thou shalt return  
To the vales of Judea, my son.  
Back to the place, to the land of our race—  
I know for His word standeth true—  
To Canaan's fair strand, our own Promised Land:  
Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

Long and hard have the years of my pilgrimage  
been,  
Yet He's blessed me in basket and store;  
And praised be the Name who from yonder dark  
steppes  
Led my feet to this wonderful shore.  
But the longing of race for language and place  
He's bestowed, whose word standeth true—  
O that I might stand in our own Fatherland—  
Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

How oft in my dreams I have tasted the fruits  
On the hills that our prophets have trod,  
And layed my tired feet in the cool crystal streams  
That flow by the gardens of God.  
How fair to the eyes the blue smiling skies  
O'er the plains that the Shepherd Boy knew  
In our youth's golden page, now the stay of our  
age  
Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

Then plant for me trees in the forest, my son;  
Renewed and refreshed be the soil,  
May the sons of thy children inhabit their lot  
And partake of the vine and the oil;  
From the Most Holy Place may the Light of our  
race

Stream forth the dark world to renew;  
From thy borders flow peace, that never may  
cease,

Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

Thus gladly I gather me then to my rest  
From the sorrow and stress of the day,  
Mine eyes are beholding the City of God  
With the streets where our children shall play.  
My days they are run, but thou, O my son,  
Shall return, For His word standeth true,  
Led by His hand to our own fatherland,  
Mount Zion the Home of the Jew.

*The Jewish Tribune.*

*Flora Cameron Burr.*

## THE PHANTOM REVIEW

*(The Night Before Memorial Day.)*

Come phantom feet in the wind tonight and  
soundless drum beats roll,  
As a wistful host of shadow men come marching  
through my soul.  
Death marches at the head of them, Death closes  
every file,  
Dead men form every rank, and Death reviews  
them with a smile.  
This is his endless army. He recruits it as he  
wills,  
From Armageddon through the years to France's  
bloody hills.  
Tonight in Grand Review he brings his greatest  
regiment:  
Men of the Marne, of Meuse-Argonne, those  
youthful sons you sent  
Across the sea. Death in command, they grimly  
march again  
Down through the mists of memory and sorrow's  
silent rain.

Your son is there, and I can see my buddy with  
     his squad,  
 Those seven men whose fearless death was a salute  
     to God!  
 They march "Eyes Right!" to Death tonight—  
     tomorrow they will pass  
 In deathless Grand Review, at first by ones and  
     then enmasse,  
 Down living streets of memory, where Love and  
     Grief and Pride  
 Are in each heart's reviewing stand, saluting side  
     by side.  
 Thus once each year, these and the rest who died  
     as soldiers do,  
 From Death's parade ground march again in  
     silent Grand Review  
 Through every heart. Yet if we give them only  
     flowers and tears  
 In our salute, what boots their ghostly tramping  
     through the years?  
 Oh, silent host of soldier dead, of wistful shadow  
     men,  
 Our pledge, to ease the watch you tread: "It shall  
     not be again!"

*The Santa Fe New Mexican.*      *S. Omer Barker.*

## CROSSWORDWOCKY

'Twas ille, and the isopods,  
     Did ire and timbrel in the re;  
 All ipse were the ergo quads,  
     And the rad ohms aut nee.

"Beware the crosswordwock, my son!  
     The asp, the emu, and the gnu!  
 Avoid the llama, also shun  
     The roc and python, too!"

He took his beta blade in hand;  
     Long time the oslo foe he sought;  
 Then tsetse he by the nacre tree,  
     And stood awry in thought.

As thus in theta thought he stood,  
The crosswordwock, with pi's aflame,  
Came moron through the ulna wood,  
And nitid as it came.

Un, du! Om, tu! And through and through  
The beta blade went oc and ac!  
He left it ed, and, with its sed,  
Came ululating back.

"And hast thou slain the crosswordwock?  
Come to my arms, myopic boy!  
Omega dey, Cal! Ukele-  
Le!" Umlaut he in joy.

'Twas ibid, and the olios  
Did apse and ovum in the ort;  
All ichor were the adios,  
And etaoïn shrdlu tort.

*The New York Herald Tribune.*      *C. B. Gilbert.*

## TAMPA

Low, rambling docks along tide-water ways,  
Delicious sunlight, spilling down the street  
In shallow golden pools; the fragrant, sweet  
Perfume of oleanders, lazy days  
Beneath old palms, are memories that blaze  
When through a northern blizzard's stormy sleet  
I seem to hear the warm gulf's pulsing beat,  
And mocking birds, in madrigals of praise.

When like a full blown rose the sun drops down,  
In dreams, I see thee, glamorous port of call,  
With sapphire sea and glorious evening star.  
Within the Spanish quarter of the town  
In fancy, I can hear, behind a wall,  
The tinkling of a troubadour's guitar.

*Franklin N. Wood.*  
*The Christian Science Monitor.*

## THE PLACER MINER.

For forty years I've followed the trails...  
Mushed my dogs through an arctic night  
In the land of the midnight sun,  
Chasing the ghost of a drunk man's tales  
In a wilderness of frozen white,  
Searching for gold and finding none.

I've toiled through an ocean of sand,  
An eighty-pound pack on my back,  
To a place I saw in a dream  
And found nothing but dobe land;  
I've bet my hand and played my stack  
On many a raw wildcat scheme.

From the Yukon to Mexico  
In cold and heat I've panned the sand  
Until I thought my back would break  
And never got even a show;  
Worked hip deep in mountain streams and  
Found pay in the bed of a lake.

I've frozen in a land of ice  
And sizzled where the cacti grew,  
I've lived on bacon and sourdough  
And stolen a Chinaman's rice  
When I lost my grub in a tundra slough;  
And I've been blown to sea on a floe.  
I've cursed my God and prayed to die  
As I crawled across the burning sand  
To reach a dusty waterhole;  
I've seen buzzards circle the sky  
Above a sun-cursed desert land  
Waiting for the flight of my soul.

I've made a stake and thought I'd quit  
And take it easy growing old;  
Then I'd hear of a strike somewhere  
And hit the trail forgetting it...  
I can't shake the call of the gold  
And I'm bound to get my share.  
All my life I've lived out doors...

Once, when I had my right leg broke,  
They put me in a little pen,  
A house with white walls and stone floors. . .  
God of love! I thought I would choke,  
And I swore then, Never Again!

*The Casper Herald.*

*E. Richard Shipp.*

### LIGHTED CANDLE

I light a candle in my heart  
For you, beloved one;  
I light a candle and its glow  
Is as a yellow sun.

When you are gone I warm myself  
Beside its tawny blaze:  
Remembrance—all that means, my dear,  
In lonely nights and days.

I light a candle just for you,  
And laugh within the light,  
Who never again shall fear the dark  
Nor know the dread of night.

*The Cincinnati Times-Star.*

*George Elliston.*

### LOVE A GARDEN WISELY.

Love a garden wisely, love it not too well,  
Lest, Circe-like, it hold thee with a subtle spell;  
Lest, when clothes grow shabby, it shall stay thy  
purse,  
Murmur, "Roses, fences—all these things be  
first,"

Lest when books entice thee, it dare make com-  
plaint,

"For the seat and dial must I wait in vain?"

Lest when far lands call thee, it shall whisper  
bold:

"Think not they are fairer though high-walled  
and old."

Lest when comes thy summons, blasphemous, it  
cries:

"Me, thou shalt remember—yea, in Paradise!"

Love a garden wisely, love it not too well,  
Lest, Circe-like, it stay thee with its subtle spell.

*The New York Times.*

*Frances Higgins.*



## THE RAGGEDY DOLL

I found today  
All tucked away  
In an attic of treasured things,  
A Raggedy Doll, and see again  
My little son, as he sings  
A broken tune to a battered toy,  
Rocking it to and fro,  
Poor old—dear old Raggedy Doll,  
A little boy loved you so!

I see the tears  
Of the baby years  
That fell on a cotton chest,  
And fast asleep, the loving arms  
That hugged you to his breast;  
A constant friend of the happy hours;  
A solace for childhood's woe,  
Poor old—dear old Raggedy Doll,  
A little boy loved you so!

*The New Haven Register.*      *Nan Terrell Reed.*

## ATLANTIC CITY WAITER

With subtle poise he grips his tray  
Of delicate things to eat;  
Choice viands to their mouths half way,  
The ladies watch his feet

Go carving dexterous avenues  
Through sly intricacies;  
Ten thousand years on jungle clues  
Alone shaped feet like these.

For him to be humble who is proud  
Needs colder artifice;  
Though half his pride is disavowed,  
In vain the sacrifice.

Sheer through his acquiescent mask  
Of bland gentility,  
The jungle flames like a copper cask  
Set where the sun strikes free.

*The Crisis.*

*Countee Cullen.*

## THE MUSIC.

There are music boxes hidden deep  
In the mighty canyon walls,  
Where whispering winds forever keep  
The echoes of water falls.  
Sometimes they shriek in laughter wild  
Then die in a whining moan  
Like some poor wandering hungry child  
Forever seeking home.

The chief of a doomed and dying race  
Sits close by his camp fire side  
And tells of the weird and wicked place  
Where the Evil Ones abide.  
Talks of the braves of long ago  
When the land was rich in game  
Before the war-like Navajo  
Drove them from the fertile plain.

A red-man foe and a white-man's greed  
Drove them still further west  
Till they found supply for a simple need  
And a quiet place to rest;  
Down by the falls of Havasu  
Where the canyon walls gleam red  
And the music sings the long night through  
A chant for a hope long dead.

A hope that lived through woe and want,  
In the heart of the savage child,  
Till ruthless Death stalked grim and gaunt  
Through their loved canyon wild.  
Then the Fates combined with the Evil One  
And all joined hands with death  
'Till hope died out when the day was done  
And they listened with baited breath—

To the music scream in wild delight  
Then die in a whining moan  
And they thought of the last lone soul at night  
When the tribe has all gone Home.

(NOTE.—The Havasupai Indians are cliff-dwellers and live at Grand Canyon, Arizona. Margaret Smith, in Good Housekeeping, speaks of them as a "doomed and dying race.")

*The Deseret News.*

*Minnie J. Hardy.*

## LITTLE SISTERS

All ye who love Saint Francis well, in this hard  
winter weather,  
Spread out a feast of crumbs and grains, that lit-  
tle friends in feather,  
Whom dear Saint Francis loved so well he called  
them "little sisters,"  
And when he preached they were so still one could  
have heard a whisper.

Although the saint has gone to heaven, his little  
sisters linger,  
And surely those who love him still will gladly  
raise a finger  
To feed his friends! And ne'er let day go by with-  
out redressing  
Some need, to gladden Francis' heart and gain  
ourselves a blessing.

*The Buffalo Express.*

*Phoebe A. Naylor.*

## IN A HUNDRED YEARS

I wonder at night as I sit and gaze  
Out over an ocean wide  
Who will be here in a hundred years  
To watch the wash of the tide.

Will they love the glow of the cottage lights,  
And the touch of the drifted sand?  
And the sunset shine on the little creek  
That runs through the marshy land?

Will they see the moon and its Golden Path  
That leads to the Don't Know Where?  
Will they dream old dreams and miss old joys  
In the spray of the salt sea air?

And over their hearts will darkness steal  
Like grief that is close to tears?  
Oh! who will be here, as I am now—  
Who—in a hundred years?

*The New York Sun.*

*Nan Terrell Reed.*

## IN THE DAYS OF GOLD

In the good old days of the gold dust strife,  
When the miners dug for the ore of life,  
And the wilderness of gold and beast  
Gave way to legions from the East,  
'Twas there in Dead Man's Gulch, they say  
That poor Bill Williams passed away.  
Now, Bill was a man of brawn and brain,  
Whose search for gold had been in vain,  
But Bill was loved, and the saying goes,  
When poor old Bill turned up his toes  
The miners moaned and vowed aloud  
As they placed poor Bill in his miner's shroud,  
He being quite uncommon clay  
Deserved a fitting obsequy.  
So a preaching parson soon came round  
To talk poor Bill beneath the ground,  
And the diggers dug a hole, they say,  
To put his good old dust away,  
A hole that for its size might hide  
His cabin, horse and traps inside.  
Now, Parson Walker talked so long  
To that eager, kneeling, sighing throng  
Around poor Billie's gaping grave,  
Each man by force of habit gave  
A scratch into the earth around  
And lo! the throng of miners found  
The earth was full of gleaming gold  
And, sure as this true tale is told,  
The Parson threw his Bible down,  
Tore off his long and sable gown  
And 'mid the nodding tumult fought  
For gold, and no one thought  
Of poor Bill Williams lying there  
With still that sad undying stare.  
That day the miners buried Bill  
Upon the slopes of a nearby hill,  
And to this day you'll see a cross  
Bemoaning poor Bill Williams' loss.  
Upon his grave and in letters bold  
The story of his life is told.  
It tells how in his life he failed,

In vain the mining regions trailed  
For gold—but struck when lying dead  
A mining million-dollar bed,  
Enriched his mourning comrades nigh  
Who knelt to lisp a last goodbye.

*The Californian.*

*John J. Burke.*

## THERE WERE CROSS WORDS BETWEEN THEM

There was a Jewish High Priest and his name  
began with A—

He was vertical as any man can be;  
But a horizontal animal came creeping in his way,  
And the first of its three letters was a C.

A little to the east of them there stood a finished  
yak

Gazing idly at a flivver in a fen;  
But a celebrated general his happiness did balk,  
The first of whose eight letters was an N.

In another distant corner stood an emu in despair,  
With a thirst that made his funny body ache,  
For he couldn't get a single drop of water any-  
where,

Without an ancient synonym for lake.

Now I'm going to leave them vertical; I'm going  
to leave them flat—

They'll be safer with a more phlegmatic man—  
But I'd like to see the finish of that uncompleted  
cat

When they cross him with a gawky pelican.

*The Detroit A. C. News.*     *Samuel Hoffenstein.*

## STARTING TOMATERS IN VERMONT

When March's ripping, roaring steeds

Begin to slow up some,

It's time to plant tomaters seeds

And wonder if they'll "come;"

"That paper bag—where is it gone,

With paper scraps inside

To which the seeds was sticking on,

Like ladybugs that's dried?"

"Hunt up the old chipped sasser now,  
That 'blonged to Grandma Gough;  
We'll soak the buggers, anyhow,  
And watch the pink come off;  
And here's the boxes, full of dirt  
As rich as Burbank tills,  
The sun can't say that he'll feel hurt  
To see our windersills."

"They'll soon poke up their heads and arms  
Right through the meller sile,  
And stand as straight as little palms  
Along the sacred Nile;  
Them boxes, painted household green,  
Are pretty apt to bear  
The biggest plants—that cracked tureen  
Sucks in the winder air."

"They like warm water, dishpan broth  
Jest stimulates their veins;  
They need a little grease and froth  
To ease their growing pains;  
By George! they're cute as little kings  
That strut upon the stage,  
As though they'd do tremendous things  
When they become of age."

They grow so fast it takes a stick  
To hold 'em up that's stout;  
They get to be as tall and thick  
As rozbries, jest about;  
The preacher asks for thirteen plants,  
Which makes your heartstrings pull,  
And both your husband's in-law aunts  
Take home their aperns full.

One eve in May you're pretty glad  
To transferplant the lot;  
Of course at first they wilted bad  
The moon shone out so hot;  
But soon they got to growing grand,  
They blossomed and they bore,  
The neighbors begged and et and canned  
And you had three or four."

*The Bellows Falls Times.*

*Daniel L. Cady.*

## GROWING OLDER

Growing wrinkled—growing gray—  
Growing older day by day  
Seeing old friends drop away,  
Seeing former dreams decay;—  
Watching old illusions fade,  
Noting old mistakes we've made,  
Hearing vanished voices call,—  
Growing older, that is all!

Growing older,—growing dull—  
Weary and un-beautiful,  
Deaf to airs that charmed before,  
Lured by rain-bow gold no more,  
Thoughtful by the wintry sea  
Waiting that which is to be  
White the lengthening shadows sprawl—  
Growing older—that is all!

Growing older, growing tired  
Of the things we once desired;  
Longing for . . . we know not what . . .  
Something ancient or forgot . . .  
Memories beyond re-call . . .  
Very likely that is all!

Heaven send the gray cocoon  
Maybe, somehow sundered soon!  
Heaven send that Time and Death  
Prove the butterfly beneath!

*The Rutland Herald.*                      *Arthur Goodenough.*

## ARMISTICE DAY, 1925

Sleep on ye brave 'neath Flanders Fields  
The flaming poppies still proclaim  
For Right which ne'er to Passion yields  
For Peace which through all time shall reign  
Thy blazing torch still lights our way  
And leads t'wards Love's Triumphant Day.

*The Buffalo Express.*                      *Millard S. Burns.*

## PALESTINE

The father's hair was white, was white;  
The father's heart was lead;  
And he awoke one long, long night,  
And weary was his head;  
Oh, he awoke one sad, sad night  
And left his creaking bed.

"Where are you going, father mine?"

"I'm going there to die—  
To Palestine, to Palestine,  
With many a groan and sigh;  
To Palestine, to Palestine,  
I'm going there to die!"

The son, his hair was black, was black;  
The son, his heart was strong;  
And strong and straight was his young back;  
And in his throat a song,  
Oh, straight and strong was his young back,  
And in his throat a song.

"Where are you going, son of mine?"

"I'm going there to live—  
To Palestine, to Palestine!  
I'm going there to give  
This life of mine, to Palestine!  
I'm going there to live!"

*The Jewish Tribune.*

*A. B. Shiffirin.*

## THE BALLOON MAN

In his dim room all day he sat  
Blowing up toy balloons,  
Tying their gaping mouths with twine  
To stem their airy tunes.

And so he holds each satin ball  
A captive by the string,  
For on the morn each brilliant sphere  
A recompense must bring.



His east side room a rainbow is  
Aglow with magic light,  
As breezes stir the balls swing round  
Like Chinese lanterns bright.

Next day sets forth this little man  
To where sweet children play,  
Across long city streets he comes  
Where all seems holiday.

Then to the Drive he quickly turns  
With gay bouquet held high,  
Green, purple, orange, yellow, red,  
What glory 'gainst the sky.

The children see, and gather round,  
In joyous breathless glee,  
And soon each tiny hand holds tight  
A string excitedly.

Then off they dart, a roaming band,  
Each happy with his toy,  
And doubly recompensed is he  
Who can create such joy!

*Agnes MacCarthy Hickey.*

*The New York Telegram.*

## ROSH HASHANAH

I stood, today, in a temple,  
Like one of the olden time;  
And I dreamt a dream recalling  
The scenes in an Orient clime;  
And I felt, though somewhat strangely,  
An influence sublime!

And before me hung the tablets  
Of the old Mosaic law;  
And the white-robed ancient Rabbis,  
Again, in that dream I saw;  
And the Hebrew psalms are chanted,  
Those hymns of praise and awe.

And Israel's pristine splendor  
Arose, as in days of old,  
When each prophet after prophet  
His tale of promise told;  
And the shades of by-gone glories  
Before my vision rolled.

'Tis the New Year of the Hebrew;  
That ancient sacred day,  
When the memories of the ages,  
Awake from time's decay,  
And the hopes of future glories  
Are bright as the morning's ray!

I beheld the chosen children  
Of the Great Eternal God,  
Still bend in mute submission  
To sorrow's painful rod;  
Desirous still to follow  
The road their fathers trod.

And I asked if a faith so lofty  
Could be but a passing show?  
And the echoes of the by-gone  
Replied to my doubtings, "No!"  
And I felt in their constant waiting,  
Their strength must nobler grow!

*The Jewish Tribune.*

*Joseph K. Foran.*

### I CAN NOT LIKE THE DAWN

I can not like the dawn. It  
Brings  
So many pensive, wistful  
Things.  
A crystal dew, red, brilliant,  
Sun,  
Memories of the things I've  
Done.

. . . I can not like the dawn, you  
See,  
The trade I ply is  
Burglary.

*The Chicago Evening Post.*

*Sixteen.*

## THE URCHIN

There's a fairy-eery urchin  
Down the crooked, winding street,  
And he dances on his tip-toes  
And is sovereign of his feet,  
With a grace that is appealing  
And a glee that is a treat!

There's a strumming and a drumming  
And a droning in the street—  
All the rumbling wagon noises  
'Midst the city's sultry heat;  
And a tinkling hurdy-gurdy  
Makes you take a curbstone seat—

Just to listen to its rythm,  
Just to see this youngster dance,  
Only as the carefree children  
Of the slums know how to prance—  
Though their balance may be barefoot  
On the slimmest spot of Chance!

*The New York Telegram.*

*Bella Flaccus.*

## THE WOOD BECOMES A SEA

In the great wood on my cot I lie  
Looking up at the trees.  
The sun has dropped low in the sky,  
Shadows swing in the breeze.

This wood becomes a mighty sea  
With its wide rugged floor;  
Coral-like tree trunks rise near me  
From this submerg-ed floor.

The canopy of leaves high o'er,  
Moved by the gentle breeze,  
Send ripples to an endless shore  
Where dark forms move with these.

The deepening shadows a quest  
Are calmer nether waves,  
Where I am lulled to sweetest rest  
In swaying with the waves.

My cot becomes an enchanted boat,  
In calm and peaceful sea,  
To bring me back to childhood afloat,  
Rocked on my mother's knee.

*The Pineville Sun.*

*H. H. Fuson.*

### THE PUZZLE OF POETS

Some bard in ancient times once said  
That "poets are born, not made."  
None can gainsay nor treat with scorn  
The flight of wisdom thus portrayed  
Or doubt by giddy thought arrayed  
In modern verse, misused and torn,  
With eloquence of fancy shorn,  
They now are made not born.

*The Washington Times. George Sands Johnson.*

### THE MOONLIT PATH

Dear Heart, the shadows of the Night  
Begirt us round with mystery,  
But there's a stretch serenely bright—  
The moonlit path across the sea.

The brine hides depths we cannot know  
But there's a light for you and me,  
As beautiful as is the glow  
The moonlight spreads across the sea.

O depths beyond our fathom line,  
How fair thy surface still may be,  
While Love gives life a glimpse divine  
Like moonlight on a summer sea.

*The Independent Gazette. Washington VanDusen.*

### A QUICK RECOVERY

I was worn and I was weary,  
I was all fed up on work;  
In each day so dull and dreary  
New distresses seemed to lurk.  
So I said: "On my vacation  
I will seek my boyhood home,  
Find my rest and recreation  
In the lanes I used to roam.

"Country air, with perfume laden,  
Will exert its healing spell,  
And I'll woo again the maiden  
Whom I used to love so well."  
While my fond imagination  
Felt her lips upon my cheek,  
I alighted at the station —  
In the midst of "Progress Week."

Thru the surging crowds demented,  
Waving flags and siren screams,  
Down the country lane (cemented)  
Came the maiden of my dreams.  
Both her float and she were painted,  
She was fat, with henna'd hair,  
And her signs read, "Get acquainted  
With the Shoppe For Ladies' Wear."

I was cured of my self-pity,  
Caught the first train for the city.

*The Chicago Evening Post.*

*Iris.*

## MOON OF LEAVES

The little green leaves are a golden glow,  
With a flaming of red when the snow-winds blow  
From the land where the snows are deep.  
The little gay leaves of a summer's day  
Are tucking their heads and their hearts away,  
And going to sleep . . . to sleep.

Golden and scarlet and soft woodsy-brown,  
And gay as a gypsy band just come to town,  
They cover streets, meadows and streams.  
And tucking their wee wrinkled selves down deep,  
Not knowing the old trees a vigil keep,  
They're off in a winter of dreams.

*The Lancaster Enquirer.*

*Ruth Eckman.*

## THE CARILLON

We sat  
On the cool, pale brow  
Of a jagged rock.

A full red moon,  
Across whose face  
The night had gently  
Laid her fingers,  
Climbed the branches  
Of a feathery pine  
Till she rested  
On the topmost branch.

Fireflies stopped  
Their ceaseless dance  
To hang suspended  
Like tiny lanterns  
Spangling the silken scarf  
Of night.

Bells—low and resonant  
Like the deep spell of  
Wise men's thoughts.

Sounds—lovely as the laughter  
Of a waking child.

Chimes—the sequined studded hood  
Of a holy sister against the sunlight.  
Music—the rush of sun-flecked waves  
That kiss the cool of evening sand.

Chopin on the rainbow colored hue  
Of a slender shell.  
Love caressing the notes  
Of a silver-toned flute.

My soul  
A vibrant keyboard  
Resounding to the touch  
Of God.

*The Boston Transcript.*

*E. Chamberlain.*

## THE CALL OF THE HILLS

Vermont! Ah, 'tis she  
That is whisp'ring to me  
Of the rocks where the rill rushes over\*  
The glen sweetly wild,  
Where I played as a child,  
And the honey-bees out in the clover.

How she throws on the screen  
Ev'ry beautiful scene  
From a film of the days long ago!  
And my soul, how it thrills  
At the Call of the Hills  
And the mead where the blooms are aglow.

From this Jungle of Cain,  
With its struggle insane,  
From a cause which they don't understand—  
Social right undertrod,  
In defiance of God,  
To a share in the value of land—

From the soul-filling theme,  
Of a world to redeem,  
To the beautiful Vale of Champlain,  
For a while let me go  
Where the bright waters flow,  
For to ease my heart-hunger and pain.

Oh! this ev'ry-day grind  
I would leave far behind,  
For a scene to my heart more akin,  
Where the birch in the brake†  
Glisten deep in the lake,  
And the mountains are mirrored within.

How I long for the glade,  
In the deep maple shade,  
Where the sun shimmers into the stream!  
And oh! for a climb  
Through the balsam and pine,  
To be lost in a beautiful dream. . . .

Like a child tired to play,  
Let my soul fade away  
'Neath the pine, dear Vermont, on thy breast;  
And lulled by the croon  
Of a rivulent tune,  
Sink into sweet slumber—and rest. . . .

A thir aluinn mo chroidhe.†  
I am dreaming of thee,  
In the city down here by the shore;  
And I long for the day  
When I'll wander away,  
And bask in thy beauty once more.

---

\* McLaughlin Falls, Mendon, Vt.

† Lake Dunmore.

‡ Gaelic: "Beautiful country of my heart " Pronounced:  
"Ah heer awlin mach ree."

*The Brattleboro Reformer.*      *Hardiman Kelly.*

## SOME PENSIVE RECOLLECTIONS

(After discussing "The Green Hat" with a member of the  
Younger Generation )

Do you recall the good old days, the days of long  
ago,  
When we were *also* twenty-one, and not yet dull  
and slow?  
We, too, were cynics then, my dear, and dared to  
speak the truth!  
Ah, me, how worldly-wise we were before we lost  
our youth!

Yes, we were cynics then, my dear, without a  
gleam of sun  
To warm our bitter, aching hearts when we were  
twenty-one—  
And yet we lived and loved and danced, and few  
who knew us guessed  
At all the worldly thoughts that seethed within  
each youthful breast!



We had no *Mencken* then, my dear—but *Kipling*,  
red and raw,  
And *Wells* of "*Ann Veronica*," and dear old  
wicked *Shaw*  
Sufficed for all our youthful needs—and what *they*  
hadn't got  
We used to supplement with yards of Omar's  
*Rubiyat*.

For we were cynics then, my dear, of quite the  
deepest dye  
Who used to mention *Oscar Wilde* and never bat  
an eye!  
Ah me, what fun it was to doubt, and oh, what  
joy we had  
In feeling old and worldly-wise and cynical and  
bad!

Well, those gay days are gone, my dear, and we,  
no longer wise,  
Have come to doubt our very *doubts* as well as  
ears and eyes!  
The world that once looked black and white—two  
colors, made to stay—  
Has now become a thousand shades of pearly,  
blending gray!

Yet—we were cynics once, my dear, without a  
gleam of sun  
To warm our bitter aching hearts when we were  
twenty-one!  
Yes, we were cynics once, my dear, and dared to  
speak the truth!  
Ah, me, how worldly-wise we were before we lost  
our youth!

*The Des Moines Register. Helen Cowles Le Cron.*

### PERFUME

So sweet have been some moments spent with you,  
Their fragrance shall stay with me all life  
through,  
That even strangers as they pass me by,  
Draw in a breath of beauty that we knew.

*Sarah Hammond Kelly.*  
*The Albany Democrat-Herald.*

## CITY HOUSES

*"Does not your house dream? and, dreaming, leave  
the city for grove or hill top?"*

*—Mahlil Gibran in "The Prophet."*

Out in the night the city houses stand,  
Dreaming in darkness.

And I see their dreams.

They are grown statelier than any noon  
Has ever seen them.

They are grown slender, swaying in soft rhythm,  
Starlight and moonlight, and a blue, bright darkness.

Almost I hear them singing,

Almost I hear them laughing.

Surely these whisperings are their long yearnings  
Become articulate upon the night.

Each one, each dumb and blind and longing one,  
Is come at last into its dream.

Into the dim green forest of its love.

O dreaming city houses,

I know you, who you are.

You soft and tender ones,

You strong and searching ones,

You bright and careless nonchalant and gay,

Under the sky you go upon green lanes

Of rapturous enchantment.

You are unchained of day and all its bars.

Your gates are opened.

I know you. We are brothers to the night.

We are both still and comforted of noon-time  
sounds,

Cooled of its fevers, shriven of our sinning,

But, oh, it was not sinning!

We were awhile laggard and forgot the stars.

Now, my dear friends, we dream again, forgetting

The long, sad things we looked upon.

For are you not winged? Am I not?

Do we not fly together to the sea

For healing of the spent unmindful days?

There go your wings of dream upon the night.

And what shall stay their going?

Dream and return, and dream and come again,  
Even as I. Night is our dwelling place.  
O night, O darkness, it is in thee we live,  
Our wings upon the air,  
Our feet close folded like a bird's in flight.

O dreams of city houses, you and I  
Go out into the blessing of the night,  
Each to his own heart's home for comforting.

*The New York Times.*

*Barbara Young.*

### FROM A PERSIAN LATTICE

My throat aches with the joy of it,  
The pretty lacquered cages, swaying, swinging,  
The lady-golds pecking at their seed-cups,  
The filtered sunshine glowing  
Through tasseled, blue-green jades,  
The balls of dull pierced silver jangling in the  
wind.

My throat aches with the beauty of it,  
The blinding ache of Chinese lacquers  
And jeweled ornaments,  
The empty ache of cuttle-fish and hemp seeds,  
The rasping ache of chirping, gaily-plumed birds.

My cage, too, sways in the sunshine,  
Sways from golden loops and silken cords.  
My jade seed-cups are filled with cloying sweets,  
Languorous lotus buds cling and swing up to me,  
Waft their breath out to me in my painted cage.

My throat is white, my body quickens;  
I cast the spell of sensuous delight,  
Having no song, I feed the eye with pleasure,  
Dust out of dust, I know that there is joy in the  
tree tops,  
But I lie prison-couched by my rose lattice,  
Waiting until the night brings caresses.

*Mrs. L. Worthington Smith*  
*The Boston Transcript.*

## CALLING

I wish the little crushed hopes that lie  
So deep in my heart, would not wake and cry  
When Spring comes. They have lain so still,  
I prayed that the pain and tears might kill  
The tender buds. But the soft spring sky  
Stirs them to life again . . . and I . . .  
I could forget . . . if they would die!

*The Houston Post-Dispatch. Lillie H. Coufield.*

## BEDTIME STORIES

Cuddle down now, honey, shet youah little eyes an'  
go to sleep.

Ef yuh doan', dey'll sompin' git yuh! Now's de  
time when quar things creep

All aroun' among de shaddahs! Look's lak dat's  
a umicohn

Peekin' in now, at de windah—peahs lak I ken  
see 'is hohn.

“Wat's 'e look lak?” Wal, a umicohn all dress  
hisef in white,

Wif a red head an' a blue tail, an' he prances roun'  
at night—

Listen! Heah dat ole hyeny laughin'? Dat's de  
way dey do

Wen dey think dey's gwine to ketch yuh! Soun's  
lak he's right out heah, too!

Er it mout er been a griffim—griffims dey flies  
roun' on wings—

One could come in at de transom—griffims is de  
scariest things!

“How big is dey?” Big as lions! Great long  
claws dat scratch an' teah—

Listen! Thought I heahd a griffim, jes' now, com-  
in' up de staiah!

Guess it mout er been a porkypine—he sets dar  
on a stone

Jes' a-sharpenin' up his quills to shoot yuh when  
yuh's all alone—

Laws! I hope dey ain' no gorgoms now, a-prow-  
lin' roun' dis place;

Wy, yuh tuhns right into stone ef yuh jes' sees a  
gorgom's face!

I guess dat mus' be a dragom movin' undaneaf  
 youah bed—  
 Thought I saw his tail a-wrigglin'. I hope he  
 doan' show 'is head!  
 "Wat's a dragom?" Wal, a dragom he's got fiah-  
 balls foh his eyes;  
 An' he's big! Oh, I cayn't think ob nuthin' dat  
 am jes' his size—  
 Tail's so long he winds it roun' hissef! He's got  
 de fierces' claws!  
 Ef yuh mek 'im mad he jes' spits fiah an' smoke  
 out ob his jaws!  
 "Wat's he eat?" Wy, he eats chillun! Piles dah  
 bones up in a heap!  
 Wat's de mattah wif yuh, honey? Ain' you nev'  
 gwine go to sleep!

*The Cincinnati Times-Star.*

*B. Y. Williams.*

## ANGLESEY

Bald Holyhead wades into sea;  
 With shoulders lifted high;  
 The turquoise hills of Anglesey  
 Come stumbling, tumbling by.

Stone hedges wantonly ascend  
 To cross enticing crests;  
 Through undulating fields they wend  
 Upon idyllic quests.

In woods beyond, as long ago,  
 Perhaps white Druids dwell,  
 And search for sacred mistletoe  
 To word some magic spell.

I'd like to tarry here and till  
 A field in Anglesey  
 And set my house upon a hill  
 That flirted with the sea.

All day I'd labor on the soil,  
 Beneath a foamy sky;  
 At eventide with close of toil  
 I'd watch the ships go by—

To wonder whence their rudders plied  
And whither they were bound,  
To laugh at travelers denied  
The quiet I had found.

Would I? Or would I feel an urge  
To quit the placid shore,  
And grapple with an angry surge,  
A wanderer once more?

*The Chicago Evening Post.*

*Wayne Gard.*

## IN DEATH VALLEY

FOREWORD: In 1849 or 1850 a party of men in the gold rush to California, left the beaten trail at Salt Lake and sought to go through Nevada, believing it to be a shorter route. Many of the men had with them their wives and children. They crossed over the Funeral range into Death Valley, but only ten or a dozen succeeded in crossing the Panamint range, 15 or 20 miles distant.

Sand! Sand! Sand!  
Nothing but sand!  
As far as eye can see, sand!  
A barren, waterless waste of sand!  
Cruel,  
Silent,  
Sinister,  
Menacing!  
A place of fear,  
Not any living thing is here!

Before the devil's hell-hot breath,  
Laden with death,  
The sand shifts and drifts,  
Drifts and shifts  
In ceaseless waves  
Covering and uncovering  
Sun-scorched bones,  
Bleached, white bones . . .  
Bones of men,  
Bones of women,  
Bones of children, . . .  
While the Panamints look on.

Poor devils!  
They sought for gold . . . .  
The gold at the end of the rainbow . . . .  
And struggled on and on,  
Their tongues swollen and black,  
Their lips cracked and blistered,  
Suffering the tortures of hell.  
They saw green meadows,  
Sweet, lush green meadows,  
And friendly trees,  
Trees whose branches cast deep shadows,  
Their leaves whispering in the breeze;  
Trees beside rushing streams,  
Streams of clear, sparkling water!

Only a little way,  
Such a little way,  
To the green meadows,  
The friendly trees,  
The rushing streams,  
And Life!

There were no green meadows!  
There were no friendly trees!  
There were no whispering leaves!  
There were no cool shadows!  
There were no rushing streams!

There was nothing but sand!  
A barren, waterless waste of sand!  
Cruel,  
Silent,  
Sinister,  
Menacing!

Scorched by the devil's breath  
In this place of death  
They died  
While the Panamints looked on!

*The Casper Herald.*

*E. Richard Shipp.*

## CAYUSE

During its last session, the Legislature of South Dakota spent many valuable, state-paid hours debating ways and means of ridding the western counties of the half-wild, unclaimed cayuses, which once—it is easy to suppose—had been faithful servants of the ranchmen. Some were for shooting, while others suggested rounding up the animals and shipping them east as choice steak or canners.

He's a vagabond in horseflesh—  
With old saddle scalds and stains—  
Cropping down the off-trail coulees,  
Fighting flies upon the plains.  
Once he curved behind the cattle  
Through the rain or shining sky,  
Now they're calling him a nuisance,  
And declaring he should die.

When the branded brutes were bolting  
From the blizzard's sheeted cloud,  
He, in answer to a pressure,  
Stemmed the wild and headlong crowd  
When the night-stampede was stewing  
Quickened by the thunderbolts—  
Did he round the frenzied rabble  
Or go crazy like young colts?

I am saying he was faithful,  
I am saying he was true  
As the dome of God above him  
That the western stars peek through;  
And I'm adding, it is shameful—  
Viewing all his silent scars—  
To shoot him like an outlaw,  
Or consign him to stock cars—

Him and all his unclaimed brothers,  
And ship them east to can—  
It isn't square and proper,  
Nor the ways of range-bred man.  
Think of easterners a-picking  
His red flesh from out their teeth—  
Flesh that grew from breezy short-grass,  
Or the canyon's dewy heath!



No, I want to see him garner  
His earned living from these plains;  
No one counting on his carcass  
For some stealthy dollar gains;  
And when death, meet time, comes riding  
With a silvery rope in hand,  
Give his honest bones a corner  
In his own dear Cowboy Land.

*The Sioux City Journal.*      *Will Chamberlain.*

### SCARECROWS

Honey, does yuh see dat scahcrow standin' out dar  
in de fiel'?

See his ahms wave when de win' blows? He's per-  
tendin' dat he's real!

See his ol' blue pants a-flappin'? Ragged coat an'  
ol' slouch hat?

He's all stuffed wif straw—yes, honey, dat's what  
meks him look so fat.

He's out dar tuh scah de sassy crows an' black-  
birds all away—

Why, dem birds ken eat mo' cohn dan yuh can  
plant mos' any day!

But when Mistah Scahcrow looks so fierce an'  
kinda waves his ahms

All de timid crows an' blackbirds flies away tuh  
othah fahms.

But dey's one li'l shiny blackbird, bravah dan de  
bigges' crow,

An' he says, "Ah'se gwine tuh 'vestigate dis thing  
befo' Ah go!"

An' he flew a li'l bit closah, callin' out his sassy  
note;

Perched right on de scahcrow's shoulder, pecked a  
button on his coat;

Den he winked his eye an' says, "Dis am a fake."  
He laffed in scohn,

An' he settled at de scahcrow's feet an' went tuh  
eatin' cohn!

An' he says, "Ol' Mistah Scahcrow, yuh'se a useful  
frien', Ah see,

Foh yuh scahs away de foolish birds, an' leaves  
mo' cohn fo' me!"

Dis ol' world am full ob scahcrows, honey—meet  
    'em every day—  
An' de timid an' de foolish folks is easy scahed  
    away.  
Yuh jes' 'membah 'bout de little blackbird, how he  
    wouldn't run—  
(He wuz kinda scairt a little)—but yuh 'membah  
    how he done?  
Marched right up tuh Mistah Scahcrow! Den he  
    laffed at what he saw!  
Sometimes fierces' lookin' troubles is jes' scah-  
    crows stuffed wif straw!  
Yuh jes' meet 'em bravely, honey, an' as shuah as  
    yuh is bohn,  
Ef yuh'se got de grit an' courage, yuh is gwine  
    tuh git de cohn!

*The Cincinnati Times-Star.*

*B. Y. Williams.*

## FOOTBALL, DEDICATING THE DRAKE STADIUM

NOVEMBER SEVENTH, 1925

When first my eye ran round the bowl,  
The wind and snow had swept the whole  
In one great triumph. Earth and sky  
Were white with blizzard racing by  
    Before its battle cry.

And then I saw them. Underneath  
The tempest claw and tempest teeth  
They kept their places, man with man,  
Heedless of all the icy ban,  
    Holding their fighting van.

Then from the melee's heart there sprang,  
A runner, of the North Wind's fang,  
Swiftly defiant. White or blue  
The sky—he neither cared nor knew  
    Till goal was carried through.

One moment for a breathing space—  
And then the push, the blinding race,  
With pelt of snow and slip of feet,  
With twist of sinew, darting heat,  
The heart's tumultuous beat.

Youth and young blood upon this ball,  
The earth itself—leap to the call,  
And Atlas-thewed, sweep far and far  
From morning sun to evening star,  
Against all thwart and bar.

Lewis Worthington Smith.  
*The Des Moines Evening Tribune.*

### ESTHER TODAY

You have all heard the story of Esther,  
Who pled for the Jews long ago;  
Who rescued our race from destruction,  
Who delivered our brethren from woe,  
Do you think when you read of her courage,  
So great for a girl to display,  
And her simple, unfaltering devotion,  
That an Esther is needed today?

We need women, real mothers in Israel,  
Who love their faith dearer than life,  
Who will teach Israel's faith to their daughters,  
And arm worthy sons for the strife.  
For enemies, deadly as Haman,  
Are still eager our people to slay;  
And to battle with falsehood and error  
An Esther is needed today.

Let us then do our duty as she did,  
Trusting God to the last—unafraid;  
Let us never be traitors or cowards,  
When our people beseech us for aid;  
Forget not that He knows his people;  
That He will protect us alway—  
And remember to fight for Him gladly  
If Esther is needed today.

*The Jewish Tribune.* Elma Ehrlich Levinger.

## RETROSPECTION

(Old Home Week, Ellicottville, N. Y., Aug. 18-23, 1925 )

How tranquil seems the dear old farm's domain;  
So sheltered by the Cattaraugus hills.  
The swaying scythes upon the meadow plane—  
Free perfumes, which the passing breeze distills.  
The orchard, still is by the corn field bound,  
How oft beneath those apple trees I played;  
The squirrels flee before each trifling sound,  
To branches, whence the sparrow flies dismayed.  
In one broad branch, a robin and his mate,  
Enroll a note of sadness in their lay;  
The empty nest, explains their pensive state,  
Their birdlings, now full fledged, have flown  
away.

Along the smoky fallow stroll the sheep,  
In search of herbs that instinct bids them know;  
Their bleating lambs rush down the sloping steep,  
To woods, wherefrom the echoes come and go.

And down the lane, familiar discord swells,  
The cows are hurrying home, 'tis milking time;  
Upon my ear, their tinkling, rustic bells,  
Sound sweeter than the grand cathedral chime;  
The spring of sparkling water near the road,  
Flows to the trough, where waits a thirsty  
throng;  
Tired oxen heave beneath their heavy load,  
And frogs in chorus, croak their evening song.

Down from a cloudless sky, there fell a pall,  
Eclipsing thus, the dearest spot 'neath heaven;  
The ponderous clock, high in the City Hall,  
Had caused this, by its loudly striking seven;  
Into the room, the sun sent shafts of light,  
But I, dim-eyed, gazed down Time's ceaseless  
stream;  
No backward turn, 'twas stories told last night,  
By schoolmate friends, that caused this happy  
dream.

*The Buffalo Express.*

*Mary Q. Laughlin.*

## A BIT OF SHAMROCK

Only a bit of shamrock from far off Emerald Isles;  
But it carries my lonely heart o'er the many miles;  
And in fancy takes me back again across the years  
Until with tender longing my eyes fill up with  
tears.

Once more I see my mother, as in the days of yore,  
Busy with her knitting by the little cottage door;  
And dad with his pipe of clay, and cheery Irish  
smile,  
Resting from his labors on the weather-beaten  
stile.

I can see my sweetheart, with her eyes of Irish  
blue;  
Her glances quite coquettish; her heart quite  
warm and true.  
There's not another like her—she is so sweet and  
fair;  
And I love my colleen with a love beyond compare.

I've been in many countries, and roamed through  
many climes,  
But naught can bring such yearnings as thoughts  
of olden times.  
And days of care-free youth in that land across  
the foam,  
Spent with the ones I love, in that County Kerry  
home.

So it's back again I'll sail, within the next few  
days;  
I'll revel in the home-town with its quaint Irish  
ways.  
May angels guard my parents and little colleen  
sweet,  
And keep them safe from harm 'till on Erin's  
shores we meet.

*The Gaelic American.*

*Mary Davis Reed.*

## ESTHER

Oh, Saviour-Queen;  
Whose deathless fame  
Still haunts the centuries;  
What mystic charm was thine  
That caught his kingly eyes?  
Oh, Flower of Israel;  
What holy passion—fragrance  
That enticed the fancy of a king,  
Who plucked thee from thy humble home  
To grace a royal throne;  
What eloquence in thee  
That stayed a tyrant's hand;  
What a courageous heart  
That braved a majesty's decree?  
Ah, for the spirit-beauty  
Of thy soul that rose  
In prayer amidst thy people's woes!  
Oh, Saviour-Queen—  
Yes, Israel's own  
Would that thy spirit-beauty.  
Courage, grace, might crown  
Thy sisters of a later day;  
For the tyrant's hand is yet upraised . . . .  
And thy people have much cause to pray!

*The American Hebrew.*

*Herman E. Segelin.*

## A BOOK OF POEMS

This ancient garden that embowers me  
In beauty  
Is the bright illumined book  
That, long ago,  
A dear, dead lady took  
And therein wrote, in bloom, her poesy.

Her sonnets here in daffodils she sang.  
And, laughing, wrote  
In April violets  
And flaunting tulips,  
Her gay triolets. . . . .  
On Canterbury bells her lyrics rang.

Her love songs were those crimson roses there;  
These clashing poppies,  
Runes of jealousy;  
The bleeding heart,  
Her dead love's elegy. . . .  
The lifting lillies were her hymns of prayer.

Low lies the lady of the garden—dead  
Long years—but still  
Her poems live and glow. . . .  
I walk and read  
What she wrote long ago. . . .  
With her sweet wisdom I am comforted!

*Would not more poets meet the sad world's needs,  
If they, like her, wrote songs—in flower seeds?*

*Roselle Mercier Montgomery.  
The New York Times.*

## GOALS

When blood is hot and the pulses quick  
And childhood laughs at the merry trick,  
And faithfulness means discontent  
The goal of life is merriment.

Youth and its solitary dread  
Without its bosom pillowed head.  
Would pledge life's all and love confess  
To gain the goal of happiness.

When there is need at every turn  
With fame and fortune yet to earn,  
And there is striving hour by hour  
The goal of life is Power, Power.

When blood has worn down thin and cold  
And scarcely warms the pulses old,  
And ended every scheme and quest  
The goal of life is just rest, rest.

*The Booster.*

*Lynas Clyde Seal.*

## LAODICEA

By the fruit I never stole,  
For it hung too high for reaching;  
By the lie I might have sworn,  
But that truth stood out confest;  
By the woman's heart left whole  
That turned flint to my beseeching:  
By each ill design, forborne  
As occasion missed the zest:  
By the narrow paths I trod,  
Faint with longing for the broad:  
By the broken spur and trace  
That gave panting quarry grace:  
By all unsought mercies, found  
'Twixt the saddle and the ground—

Judge Eternal, dost Thou hearken?

Soon must day be one with night.  
Tell me, ere the sun shall darken  
And the dark design show bright,  
Ere the urgent flame devour  
Soul and body for its prey,  
Wilt Thou see me in that hour  
As I see myself today?

For heaven all unmeet,  
Too innocent for hell,  
Till the mire about my feet  
Foul me, breast and arms as well:  
One that has not loved Thy law—  
Never broke, save through desire:  
Neither ripened ear nor straw,  
To be saved nor set afire:  
Neither sheep nor goat outcast,  
On the Tribune's left nor right—  
See me stand beyond Thy face,  
Abject still—still not chastised,  
With the risen soulless past  
Heedful not how Thou requite,  
'Mid the inoffensive race  
Of the mad and unbaptized?

*The Commonweal.*

*Henry Longan Stuart.*



## FLOTSAM

Some of us are bits of flotsam,  
We're tossed upon the sea;  
No one cares whence nor wherefore,  
We are ruled by fate's decree.  
Sometimes the sea is stormy,  
And we're weary with suspense,  
But still we drift on with the tide,  
And hope for recompense.

We are souls who have been shipwrecked,  
And cast upon the sea,  
We're crushed and bound and beaten,  
But our faith has made us free;  
We're subject to the elements,  
And do not comprehend,  
But hope to reach the chosen shore,  
At our long journey's end.

Perhaps a king will claim us,  
And will gently bid us stay,  
And if he grants us mercy,  
Then we will not say him nay;  
But we will do his bidding,  
And will steadfast be and true,  
The souls that have been flotsam,  
Will be born again anew.

*The Detroit Free Press.*

*Clara Mieh.*

## FATHER AND SON

There's nothing so great as being the dad,  
To some fine youngster, some worthy lad;  
And the man who can claim a boy's esteem,  
Is richer by far than his fancy can dream.  
He can take the life that is placed in his hands,  
And fashion at will just the thing that he plans.  
So give me a man who's solid clear through,  
For to things worth while he's loyal and true.  
He's the man to be the friend of a lad,  
He's the man to be a dependable dad.

*The Carnegie Herald.*

*James Carl Crowson.*

## THE INDIAN PAINTBRUSH

(Wyoming State Flower)

Thou, like some brilliant genius in the swirl  
Of mankind, dost stand glorious by the stream,  
Where grow rank weeds and greenest vines, that  
twirl

Their tendrils 'round the trees and shrubs, that  
seem

In their wild freedom like a jungle lone

Within the wilds that border some streamside—  
There, queen of brook-side flowers thou dost abide;  
Thy crimson leaves like brightest ruby-stone!

Not many are thy comrades, like hoar minds

That stand forlorn, yet, loveliest in their sphere!  
Alone, or two are all thy company;

Yet in that stream-sung jungle no one finds  
More beauteous flower deep-red as ruby clear—  
So lone, like genius in humanity!

*The Casper Daily Tribune. Louis M. Eilshemius.*

## MARSH—WILD DUCK SEASON

Red dawn came crawling up the slope

The marsh knew not a sound—

The rushes stood in solemn ranks

About a musk-rat's mound.

Sharp-etched against a span of blue

A flock of teal veered by;

Slow-trailing like some great kite's tail

Along the morning sky.

A puff of sooty powder smoke

Comes curling from the reeds

Where some stray duck had fluttered in

To feast on wild-rice seeds;

And I am filled with jealous rage

Because that hunter found

A better place to pitch his blind,

Beside a feeding ground.

The lone eye of the morning blinks  
And guns still vent their hate—  
A black crow flaps across the fields  
To perch upon a gate;  
The ducks are few and wary now—  
The hunters' pipes burn hot  
And one by one they amble home  
Along the pasture lot.

Oh! man is made of savage flesh  
And once he dwelt in caves;  
He fed on fowls that cleaved the air  
Or fish that plowed the waves;  
So when Grim Winter threatens him  
And Autumn winds blow harsh,  
His cave-man spirit yearns to kill  
The wild things of the marsh!  
*The Cedar Rapids Gazette.*      *Jay G. Sigmund.*

### EASTER HYMN

Hail triumphant day of days!  
Hail thee! Glorious Easter morn!  
Flowers speak our silent praise,  
With them, we Thy church adorn!

Hark to words of Victory!  
Hark the anthem's joyous peal!  
This the Christian's jubilee!  
Make us thankful as we kneel.

Praise we Him on land and sea,  
Christ the grave could not control,  
Proving His divinity!  
Praises while the ages roll!

Risen is one Glorious King!  
There He reigns eternally!  
Death has lost its dreadful sting,  
Graves have lost their victory!

*The Holly Leaves.*

*Frederick M. Steele.*

## DAFFODILS

And now here come the daffodils,  
The trumpeters of spring,  
All tooting joy, which thrills and thrills,  
The while again they bring  
Their happiest note attuned with cheer  
To tell that spring is truly here.

I am always glad when daffodils  
Lift up their golden horn,  
To wake a day whose waking fills  
With mellowness the morn,  
And lures the southwinds thru the air  
To bear away my winter's care.

I always thought the daffodils  
Which rise from frigid earth  
Were heroines with hearts and wills  
To understand the worth  
Of holding hope thru days severe,  
And burst with joy when spring is here.

So blow your best, dear daffodils,  
I will listen full and long,  
To every note which ever thrills  
With your returning song;  
And when at night I rest my head,  
I will dream sweet dreams thus comforted.

*The Chicago Evening Post.*     *Charles A. Heath.*

## THE DIFFERENCE

When stern denial hurts the heart,  
Life and its common ways  
Or treasured things have little worth  
For many days and days.

But when a heart's desire comes true,  
Oh! sad things turn to gay  
Enchantment makes life lovely as  
A golden colored day.

*Florence Van Fleet Lyman.*  
*The Springfield Republican.*

## THE SPIRIT OF YESTERDAY

*To the A. E. F.*

Was the Adventure a rare romance  
Of the tinted fields where the poppies blow?  
Was it the sport of a waking trance?  
Was it a dream of the long ago?  
Where are the legions that marched to the fray?  
Where is the spirit of yesterday?

Where is the busy camp, at dawn  
Astir at the call of the reveille?  
Where the transport trains that were thundering  
on  
And the transport ships at the shore of the sea?  
And the millions who cheered as you went away?  
Where is the spirit of yesterday?

"Where is the world," you ask, "that was ours?  
The generous greetings, sincere and warm?  
The streamers and banners and flags and flowers,  
And the glory that went with the uniform?  
And the love of a nation attending our way?  
Where is the spirit of yesterday?"

O'er the cities and farms of this goodly land  
With its shops and crops, its hustle and din,  
The spirit of peace extends her wand—  
The lasting peace that you helped to win.  
The boon that we share in her gentle sway  
Was won in the spirit of yesterday.

That spirit awoke at your country's call  
To rescue a world; and again it would rise;  
And the walls of aggression again would fall—  
That spirit may sleep, but it never dies;  
It lives to triumph "forever and aye,"  
The knightly spirit of yesterday.

*The Columbus Dispatch.*

*C. B. Galbreath.*

## FLOTSAM.

Fragments of unstoried lore  
Lie upon this pebbled shore,  
Flotsam of a hundred years  
Dripping with forgotten tears.

### I.

"I was a masthead, proud as foam—  
Egypt and China were like home.  
Now I am destined by the tides,  
Wind for the pilot-hand that guides."

### II.

"You are looking at my scars—  
Sea-worms bored my spine.  
As a servant, once, of Mars,  
I was fit and fine  
Till a gunner found my craft  
With a burst of Hell!  
Seas have moaned and winds have laughed  
At the tales I tell."

*In the winds, a muffled whine  
Of a sea-ghost soaked in brine.*

### III.

"There were chanteys  
On the deck  
That I came from  
Till the wreck  
Gave the wind  
That human sound  
Dreams of chanteys  
Can not drown."

### IV.

"You can not say a prison ship  
Loved kisses of the sea.  
I was a prow that loathed to dip—  
You can not say a prison ship  
Kissed only seas. I curled my lip  
On rocks to pay the fee.  
You can not say a prison ship  
Loved kisses of the sea."

*From driftwood bleaching under skies  
Hazy dreams, like heat waves, rise.*

V.

"I, an ancient cabin door,  
Two-foot six by five-foot four,  
Have been battered by the sea. . . .  
My captain's ghost would not know me."

L'ENVOI

"The ageless sea is wide to wander in—  
Upon its face we leave no mark, nor track.  
We follow sea-birds, calling to the wrack.  
We have known every shore. Oh, sea, that cowers,  
Life is ours! . . . Death is ours!"

*The Town Crier.*

*Helen Emma Maring.*

ON LIVING IN A THIRD FLOOR  
APARTMENT

I was one whose delight  
Was ever found  
In tilling a little  
Plot of ground.

Yet I, earth lover,  
Must go up,  
And have my blooming  
In a cup.

I said since I can not  
Plant nor sow,  
There'll be naught to watch,  
For there's naught to grow.

But I find what never  
Before found I—  
The length and the breadth  
Of the open sky.

Now my garden needs  
Nor hedges nor bars  
For I tend the clouds  
And pluck the stars.

*The Norfolk Landmark.*

*Julia Johnson Davis.*

## FROM THE MELTING-POT

I am of America. I love the very name of it!  
My father marched beneath its flag the day he  
went to war. . . .

From beneath the door sills of my mind strange  
shapes and dreams and longings flit.

Old tribal, racial fantasies, from time and coun-  
tries far.

While walking on the prairie grass I catch a whiff  
of heather.

The Little People peek at me from ferny bog and  
glen.

Though rude the wind that shakes the trees, 'tis  
lovely Irish weather

Smooths down my cheek . . . I hear the bells  
toll out from Dhir na fin.

Or trudging through the rain at night I see a  
sun-bit desert,

Where heaps of sand and whitened bones lie look-  
ing at the sky,

Through Oriental pageants I'm led toward a hid-  
den city

Where from high mosques, muezzins call to prayer  
the dwellers-by.

One picture often shimmers forth, the glittering  
Armada,

The flower of Spain that Philip picked to break  
the English power,

Upon the decks, with haughty steps, the seigneurs  
walk in grandeur,

Not knowing that Fate's finger's pointing to their  
tragic hour.

The high, gray walls of old Seville . . . the bull  
ring . . . voices shouting . . .

What is it dies when men do? Or . . . do they  
die at all?

Why should I feel the Irish wind, my heart be  
thrilled and shaken

At sight of Persian cities or a silken Spanish  
shawl?

*The Kansas City Times. Patricia Lowdermilk.*



## EL CAMINO REAL (THE KING'S HIGHWAY)

"Perhaps the earthquake's strength among the older structures was felt more keenly by the Santa Barbara Mission, known as the 'queen of missions' on the Pacific coast. When the temblor struck, the mission's two graceful towers which rose to a height of sixty feet, crumbled and crashed to the stone court below, carrying with them the silver-throated bells which have called the monks to prayer for more than a century"—News Item

What traffic thru this dust has flowed  
In bygone years, this winding road  
From Mission here to Mission there,  
Between each two a full day's fare,  
Tho now but one or two safe hours  
Of travel waits between the towers.

What news of old on hoof or wheel  
Has come, catastrophe or weal;  
Of gold discovered, Mormon raids,  
Temblors and Indian ambuscades;  
Of Russian threats of occupation,  
Change of orders in rotation;  
Independence had its day.  
Then Confiscation, Civil Sway—

Like beads on some huge rosary,  
The chapels stretched in sympathy,  
Or like the chimes of bells that hung  
In niches in their walls, and rung  
Metallic antiphons at dawn  
And noon and night the fields upon.  
But Time has changed the ancient course,  
And dried up every Mercy's source.

Today the beads are all unstrung,  
The singing bells for long unstrung,  
And cracked or fallen from their place—  
The walls have parted in disgrace,  
Returned to soil their crumbling stones,  
To lie upon their founders' bones.  
One here, one there, beside the way  
The bells hang mute, a lone array,  
In loving memory dedicate  
To sacred thorofares of state.

Hope came one day this road along,  
And went not back, but lives in song.  
Still burn the holy tapers, rise  
The solemn chants to mellowed skies;  
The richest in the land they molded,  
Now with empty hands and folded,  
Slow they fare with little grieving  
From the cooling world, and leaving  
None alive to turn the head,  
And none to welcome but the dead.

*The Jacksonville Daily Journal.      John Kearns.*

### HELEN TRIUMPHANT

Troy lay in ruins behind us as we fared over the  
foam,  
Seeking the gardens of Sparta and the white candles of home;  
Paris had died in the battle, but, though Night  
walked on the sea,  
I saw his face in the shadows, I heard his heart  
whisper me.

The towers of Ilium had crumbled and fallen in  
dust to the earth;  
The roses had lost their sweet fragrance; there  
was no laughter or mirth;  
Over the sea-fields we journeyed; white were the  
gulls in the gloom,  
And their wild screams were the voices of demons  
that mocked my grim doom.

Bracelets of silver were waiting and, while I  
stified my pain,  
Lo, they were fixed on my round arms and held  
by a stout silver chain;  
I was a slave in the palace where my bright beauty  
once shone,  
And Menelaus was scowling as I crouched low by  
the throne.

I was the fairest of women, fair as the roses are  
fair;  
My eyes were like stars softly gleaming through  
the dark night of my hair;  
My lips were as warm as red rapture and softer  
than dusk on the dew—  
And Menelaus was dreaming of the glad days we  
twain knew.

Slow were the long days in passing; many the  
times my soul died  
Ere Menelaus leaned to me, flinging away his  
stern pride;  
He struck off the shackles of silver and murmured  
endearments to me,  
Then caught me up in his strong arms—Love whis-  
pered, and lo! I was free!

*The New York Times.*      *Edgar Daniel Kramer.*

#### PATTERN PRICE

Two years the place was quite neglected;  
The paths were overgrown with grass:  
The lawn was rarely mowed. So Nature  
Brought many charming things to pass.

The hillside slope was purple mantled  
With violets; anemones  
Were starred above the unrolled tussocks  
Of dying sward beneath the trees.

In nodding, ever widening circles  
Flourished the hoary pussy-toes  
And robins' plantain; from the ledges  
The saxifrages tossed their snows.

Even the tended garden flowers  
Had felt the call . . . now growing wild  
Grape-hyacinths and sapphire scyllas  
Like truant children ramped and smiled.

Now paths must all be raked and graveled,  
Lawns mowed and rolled and neatly trimmed.  
Yet in one graceless heart was sorrow . . .  
For beauty fled two eyes were dimmed.

*The New York Sun.*      *May Folwell Hoisington.*

## THE MINOR CHORD

A minor chord runs through the life of all;  
If we will list we hear its music fall  
Amid the clear tones of the greatest joy,  
No smallest happiness without alloy.

Can come to us poor mortals here below;  
It is our part through life, we can not go  
Upon our earthly journey without pain,  
But sunshine always follows dashing rain.

And seems to brighter for the recent strife,  
'Tis gales and tempests help to put new life  
Into the giant oak; then comes sunshine,  
For joys and sorrows always intertwine.

The winter past the robin carols long  
And gives to earth a joyous, happy song,  
What though a dark cloud hovers in the west,  
In time 'twill pass, and he is doubly blessed.

So as we look through all the long, long years  
We catch the sunshine through the brimming  
tears,  
And we see the rainbow's vivid beauty then,  
We could have seen it only through our pain.

*The Kansas City Star.*

*Mary R. Ellis.*

## SPRING

The catbird prowls the lilacs once again,  
His low, weird notes a puzzle to the ear,  
Unlike Cock Robin's voice—as joy to fear.  
I wonder that they both come back each year!

And here's that thief, the blue jay, bold as when  
He left last fall. Loud are his screams of hate,  
And Jenny Wren builds on, thrilled by her mate.  
I wonder, Spring, if you hold hands with Fate!

*The Kansas City Star.*

*Lowe W. Wren.*

## ADVICE TO POETS

If sing we must, breathe not of woods,  
Nor chant of silver sands!  
Such lines today seem out of place  
And vague as foreign lands.

Conjure, instead, the painted trees  
Beside the hothouse palms,  
Where all can hear such well-known peals  
As stir the deepest calms.

Bring in the bill and call a cab—  
Your lines should dance with pep.  
Remember that a deathless lay  
Is one that folks can step.

Avoid all themes adroit and deep,  
All brave yet ancient lore,  
And if you must read out your lines,  
Go home and close the door!

*The Kansas City Star.*

*Lowe W. Wren.*

## VACATION IN A COLLEGE TOWN

Once more the village lolls in languid comfort of  
old ways,  
And nods an ancient head in peaceful dreaming  
on the past,  
This was its way of living in the gray old quiet  
days,  
This is the holiday for which the old town sighs  
and waits,  
Each dreaming day like days before and others  
coming after.  
This is the way life used to be before Youth  
stormed the gates,  
Filled lurid nights with visions and the brilliant  
days with laughter,  
This is the way, perchance, that life should be  
again at last.

For is it not a fate unique—an ancient town to be  
Perpetually chained to youth that yearly waxes  
bolder?

A hoary town that's lived its life full long and  
soberly,

Disturbed by restive dreams of youth, by wilful  
stars that spark,

By lightning flashes troubling through the torpor  
of the night,

By voices that inhibit slumber, harassing the dark,

By garish prophecies of dawn, too early and too  
bright—

Bound to springtide all the year, and kept from  
growing older?

Mistake us not. We would not trade with any  
tranquil town;

For age, it is a lonely thing, and youth is fine and  
gay.

We love to watch it turbulent, in swaggerstick  
and gown;

We love to hear it laughing from a dozen bursting  
doors;

We love to hear it whistle through the depths of  
shaded street;

We love to hear its yodel and its brave, victorious  
roars;

We love to watch it fling its banners, high and  
pure and sweet,

The old town loves its youth; but it must have its  
holiday.

*The New York Times.*     *Ruth Evelyn Henderson.*

### WANTON

Strip her of her silken clothes,  
Lay her lovely body where  
Day's cold light may shine upon  
Reddened lips and hennaed hair.

Goad her with your chastity,  
(Virtue ever crucifies),  
Read the pity in her face,  
Love has made her very wise.

*The Virginian-Pilot.*     *Virginia McCormick.*

## THE PULSE OF GOD

Your heart and mine, friends, are in tune,  
When harmony is maintained—  
Celestial music's rhythmic rune  
On ether waves volplaned.

From God's own heart to you and me  
Through chords of love relayed—  
A great harmonic symphony  
Orchestral choirs have played.

A cosmic pulse with vital urge  
Compels your mind and mine  
To consummate, to work, to purge  
Of dross our lives divine.

*The Cleveland Universe. Marie Tello Phillips.*

## BY THE SEASHORE

Calm are the waves, but calmer  
The sky that spreads over the sea,  
But the waves of my heart are beating  
Ever, as they flow on ceaselessly,  
And the depths of their mystery is keeping,  
In the sound of the waters they pour,  
That burdens the dreams of my sleeping,  
As I lay on the sand by the shore  
And hear the slush of the waves that are creeping  
To meet with the peace of the earth once more.

And I dream of the years that are gone,  
Of the hopes and the fears that are sped  
And the angel of peace is around me,  
He hovers o'er and shadows my head.

They linger beside me now,  
Those hopes that are mine once more  
And I touch and commune with them,  
As I did in the days of yore.

For all life's cares soon fade away,  
But long in our hearts its joys lay,  
And lost are our woes in those gleams of light  
As the stars stand out in the vault of night.

For life is a golden dream,  
A sky of an azure blue,  
And we forget its brightness, ever,  
In the depths of its perfect hue.

*The Mill Valley Record.*      *Alexander Calvert.*

## OLD LACE

Mechlin laces toned and mellowed  
By a heritage of time,  
Patterned with the rose and bramble,  
Redolent with scent of thyme;  
Sandalwood and cedar mosses  
Over these their breath have blown,  
In their mesh the sun is woven,  
In their threads the stars are sown.

Deep within a feretory  
They lie hidden from all eyes,  
With daguerreotype now faded,  
Once the hue of tender skies;  
Oft I hunger for their beauty  
In the quiet hour of day,  
And sometimes there comes a vision  
As my fingers o'er them stray.

Then I hear an old chord strumming,  
A melodious soft strain,  
Knights and ladies, lords and vassals  
Slowly pass in regal train;  
There a maiden from her palfrey  
Smiles and flutters her laced sleeves,  
But her form is lost the moment  
In the shadowed green of leaves.

Now I stand within a castle,  
Moated, grim and bronzed with age,  
Hear the echoed call of bugles,  
The quick laughter of a page;  
Pleasances and fragrant verdure  
Whisper Rosalind of you—  
Mechlin laces bring me memories,  
Tinted, fragile, faint as dew.

*The Los Angeles Times.*      *Mabel W. Phillips.*



## THE GIANT TORCHLIGHT

It is a vivid, gorgeous, eastern light,  
Though miles away, I've watched its gleam for  
years.

When I have laughed and sung, it has been gay,  
Its playful moods intensify my own;  
If I am hurt, it sends out friendly beams,  
And seems to speak, "I am forever here  
A steadfast light in an unstable world."

One night we drove through fields of liquid gold,  
We saw the scores of rigs with toiling men;  
We felt again that wild, exultant thrill  
At smell and sight and sound of fields of oil.  
We saw the flare of torchlights here and there;  
And lo! just as we made the turn for home,  
I took a backward glance of scenes I love,  
There flamed the Giant Torch I loved the best!

So now I sit upon the steps at home  
And view anew that wondrous eastern light.  
In storms it throws its golden reddish glow  
Upon the black and lowering angry cloud.  
It is a rival for the lightning shaft,  
And as the trees around me bend and crash,  
I revel with the fearless god of Thor,  
Who glorifies my Giant eastern Torch!

*The Maud Monitor.*

*Virginia Smyth Nolen.*

## CITY PIGEONS

Bound in your habits to city streets,  
Never to try the field or plain;  
Somber and silent as the walls about,  
Equally happy in sun or rain.

Did you last night, from your watch above,  
See a wayward soul go flitting by,  
Or hear some chance word of whispered love,  
A happy laugh or a guilty lie?

*The Pittsburgh Post.*

*May T. Neff.*

## SHE WAS A NEVER-FAILING WELL

She was a never-failing well.  
The tragedy—if tragedy there was—  
Was only this:  
He had no need, nor liking even,  
For things too permanent,  
The brook that would run dry before September,  
But make a crazy rumpus in the spring,  
Could break his heart—and did.

And she, who had no fountain suddenness,  
No turns and tricks of rivers,  
No great waves to comfort him,  
Could only stand  
A never-failing well beside his door,  
Knowing that her tranquility  
Would never even overturn a pebble  
To catch the eye of his distracted grief.

*Ruth Fitch Bartlett.*

*The New York Herald Tribune.*

## LISTENING IN

There is something in life that is calling to me  
Which I hear as I listen alone  
On my pillow at night; though no face I can see  
There's a voice that I get, and its tone  
Is as clear and as true as I heard when a boy  
When my Mother would call: "Are you coming,  
my Joy?"

Meaning me in those days now gone.

And this voice is not hers, yet I know were she  
near

By my side at this hour of the night  
She would place to my cheek her obedient ear—  
Oh how oft in the dark it was light—  
With my hand in her own I would wait for the  
word

And complete explanation of all that she heard  
Then interpreted ever a-right.

There above all the din and the echoes of day  
Fell a full benediction of love—  
When my lips followed hers as she taught me to  
say—  
“Now I lay me” to Some One above;  
So this voice of the night must be Mother’s, I  
know  
And she prays with me yet till the years long ago  
Give me back all their rich treasure-trove.  
*The Michigan Tradesman.*      *Charles A. Heath.*

### LINES TO THAT WASHINGTON EGG.

“Fry egg on hot pavement in Washington, D. C.”—  
News Item.

There are scrambled eggs that we eat with zest  
With a face of self-content.  
There are eggs like soup that come apart  
Whenever they’re not meant.  
There are hard boiled eggs that leave their weight  
In tummies, if they can;  
But let me fry by the side of the road—  
And be a friend to man.

Let me fry in the heat by the side of the road  
Where the Congressmen go by,  
The men who are good and the men who are bad,  
As hard boiled as you and I.  
I would not sit in the Senate’s seat  
Or be an old oil can;  
Let me sizzle and fry by the side of the road  
And be a friend to man.

And though you be done to death, what then?  
Come up with a golden face!  
It’s nothing against you to fall down flat  
But to lie there—that’s disgrace.  
The harder you’re fried, why the hotter it is;  
Be proud of your blackened eye!  
It isn’t the fact that you’re burnt that counts,  
It’s how did you fry and why?

*The New York Sun.*

*Beatrice Cherepy.*

## PEACE SHALL LIVE

The guns are still, the dead sleep on,  
The blind and crippled walk the street,  
Bereaved hearts bright colors don,  
Again the pulse of factories beats;  
Nightmares and grimy days have fled,  
Forgotten are the dead.

Around the world from every land  
The prayers and pleadings never cease—  
For swords and men? Nay, heart and hand  
To build the dream eternal peace.  
Disdainfully we speak reproof,  
Proudly we stand aloof.

Was it indifference that sent  
Our sons the tides of war to stem?  
Through flaming fields and blood they went.  
Shall we not keep our faith with them  
Whose bodies lie on foreign leas  
Or toss in many seas?

The keen, cold sword the flesh will feel,  
If once again the world shall quake  
And men back to the jungle steal.  
O Countrymen, the hour to stake  
Our all is here, lest grim alarms  
Again shriek out: "To arms!"

A question burns within man's breast:  
In bloody wars shall man expire—  
Or by the arts of peace be blessed  
That lift his soul forever higher?  
My Countrymen, stand forth and give  
Your answer, "Peace shall live!"

*The League of Nations Herald.*     *Max Ehrmann.*

## ENSHRINED

As amber bleeds from out a wounded tree  
And holds winged creatures fast in lucent gold,  
My songs have bled from out the heart of me;  
Winged memories of yesterdays they hold.

*The Norfolk Landmark.*     *Mary Chase Cornelius.*

## WHITE MAGIC

Some said that the skies were blue,  
But I never looked up.  
I toiled all day my tasks to do,  
And never looked up.

A child said flowers bloomed on the hill,  
But I never looked up.  
I still kept on at the grinding mill,  
And never looked up.

A sailor looked in one summer day  
And bade me look up.  
He said a ship lay in the bay,  
I hardly glanced up.

He spoke of the feel of the salty spray  
I then looked up.  
The ship was waiting to sail away,  
When I looked up.

I saw love standing at my door.  
Glad! I looked up.  
I saw the beauty of sky and more,  
When I looked up.

O, you who toil in sorrow and strife,  
And never look up,  
Let love show you the wonder of this life,  
Your soul lift up.

*The McKeesport Journal.*

*May T. Neff.*

## HEAVEN?

For those who wear the smiling mask  
On earth, and hide their aching hearts  
There is a special place reserved  
When life departs.

There is a special heaven built  
Where angels never sing and play  
But where, unwatched, tired souls may weep  
Their griefs away.

*The Kansas City Star.*

*Velma West Sykes.*

## GREEN VERDUGO HILLS

As the last faint hint of glory is departing in the west,

Creeps an air of muted wonder o'er the land,  
There's a whispering 'midst the treetops, a sway-  
ing of the leaves,

Footsteps beating measures to a saraband;  
Now is born the hour for dreaming, the hour of  
love and song,

Strains of melody that mingle with the rills,  
And once more my heart is throbbing with a  
rhythm filled with joy

For it's moonlight in the green Verdugo hills.

Here the shadowed olive mingles with the perfume of the rose,

Tender notes of distant nightbird bind the spell,  
Wraiths of mem'ry to me whisper, these sweet  
breathings well I know,

Yet their tales no mortal tongue may ever tell;  
There is gladness, yes, and sorrow mingled in the  
wind's soft sighs,

With the radiance that all the upland fills,  
Like a blossom lies the valley at the white steps  
of a throne,

When it's moonlight in the green Verdugo hills.

*The Los Angeles Times.*      *Mabel W. Phillips.*

## OF WRITING VERSE

When the granite mountain wavers into shadow  
Or streams like a banner on the sky,

When the green corn waving makes an ocean of  
the valley,

Or a night of blackbirds rushes by;

It is hard to watch the changes of the mountain  
Or hear the exultation of the birds,

And stubbornly to grip the patient pen between  
my fingers

Setting down my littleness in words.

*The New York Sun.*

*Muna Lee.*

## AUTUMN TIME IN DIXIELAND

A green leaf trustingly turned to gold;  
A pine-needle turned to brown;  
The spring nest of the mocking-bird,  
Lying torn on the frosty ground;  
The earth a-spotted with golden mass  
From pine cone shattered down;  
A squirrel perched upon a limb  
Where hickory nuts abound;  
The 'possum in a simmon tree  
Or in a grape-vine on a rail;  
Old Fido with his lonely yelp,  
Upon the buck-deer's trail;  
The sweet song of the red breast,  
The wail of the whip-poor-will;  
The new corn from the ripened field;  
The hum of the old grist mill;  
The faithful miller who grinds the corn;  
The meal made into bread;  
The cane-syrup boiling and in the jug;  
The 'simmon beer out in the shed;  
The barking fox way out in the dell;  
The dead leaves lying around;  
The lonely fawn in shady wood  
Orphaned by a hunter's wound;  
A stag-deer longing for a mate  
That died by the hunter's gun  
The hunter clad in khaki clothes  
Thoughtlessly seeking some fun;  
The mother quail with hungry brood;  
Now grown as large as she;  
A-wading in the dying grass  
In search of the shattered pea,  
The dove a-cooing for his mate;  
The farmer's ripened field;  
The potato, sweet, a-sunning;  
The apples to be peeled;  
The folk who toiled to gather grain;  
The sound of the locust's whirl;  
The rabbit in the turnip patch  
Chased out by the family cur;  
The rising from tobacco barn,  
The curer's welcome smoke;

The blooming of the golden rod  
In the wood where spring awoke;  
The bursting of the cotton-boll,  
The green leaf's sad farewell,  
Bring to us Nature's sadness  
Through Autumn's tragic spell.

*Union Labor Record.*

*Gertrude Perry West.*

## ICARUS

*Gods! I have flown!*

All my young body is broken on the rocks  
And all the red cliffs swim before my eyes—  
The summer haze, perhaps—or my sight fails—  
Dim World, these eyes of mine shall open soon  
On great Olympus. Hah! I shall tell Jove  
That I have flown—I, Icarus, a mortal!  
Oh, the sun burns down, pitiless, upon me  
And on my crushed white wings—

My wings—my wings—

Why did I fly so high? I might by now  
Be safe, if only—only—Ah, but *flying*  
High and yet higher into the burning blue  
Above the ochre crags and jade-green sea!  
How could I help it—how do otherwise?  
And when the softening wax upon my shoulders  
Let the great plumes slip sideways and I fell,  
Hardly was terror there. I saw the rocks  
Rush up to meet me, and I knew that never  
Never would Icarus arise again.

\* \* \*

But I have flown—have flown! These are my  
wings,

All crushed and torn and dabbled—they are wings,  
And this day on Olympus Jove shall know . . .  
How the cliffs shudder . . . and the sun is scorch-  
ing . . .

Pain stabs my broken body so—I die—

*Gods! I have flown!*

*Christian Hamilton.*

*The New York Herald-Tribune.*



## CONJECTURE

I wonder—Are there flowers in high Heaven?  
White lilacs, wet with rain and warm with sun,  
Or jonquils, starry-eyed among the grasses,  
Or roses, that some hidden bank o'errun?

Or are there only shadows of the flowers  
Formed of their perfumes gathered from the air?  
White, winsome ghosts of lilies-of-the-valley  
That lovely angels twine in their gold hair?

But then, if only perfumes went to Heaven  
What of the morning-glories and the phlox?  
And would there be no room for wild blue asters  
And none for well-behaving hollyhocks?

Besides, I think the angels would grow weary—  
The little, blue-eyed ones, especially—  
Of just a fair, white host of phantom perfumes  
And long for—soul-less dogwood on a tree!

\* \* \*

Unless they have arbutus in high Heaven,  
Unless there's pink azalea growing wild,  
I think I'd rather stay on earth forever—  
It's much the nicer place to be a child!

*The New Canaan Advertiser. Etta May Strathie.*

## TRYST

I will keep tryst with you  
When my spirit stands purified—  
Burned by life's difficulties;  
I will keep tryst with you  
When my soul soars  
Stripped of all pretense;  
I will keep tryst with you  
When Truth and I walk hand in hand;  
Together, we shall shake off our  
Chrysalis of shattered hopes and fears,  
Together we shall meet our great dream—free,  
Together we shall know immortality.

*Scottie McKenzie Frasier.*  
*The Montgomery Advertiser.*

## BOOKS

Oh, I can be the hero of  
The wars on land and sea;  
And I can be the one in love  
With one in love with me;  
Nor turn my ways from cloistered nooks,  
For I can always live—in books!

A word of wisdom they will lend  
Or e'en a word to cheer;  
And never need I seek a friend  
When many friends are here,  
And ever willing to give voice  
According to my mood and choice.

And when I'd travel far and fast,  
From Ind to Hudson's Bay,  
O'er seven seas before the mast,  
I do not sail away;  
But, snugly, 'fore my fire curled,  
In books I view the wide, wide world.

*The Milwaukee Sentinel.*

*Max A. H.*

## WHO KEPT IT IN THE SKY?

(Armistice Day, 1925)

Old Glory flamed before the boys  
While marching down our street,  
It beckoned to the rookies' eyes,  
It led their eager feet;  
It flapped above the training camps  
Where they impatient lay,  
While influenza took its toll  
And smallpox held grim sway.

It floated o'er the transports huge,  
Patrolled by death unseen—  
The terror of the sunken mine,  
The lurking submarine—  
It fluttered on through deadly gas,  
It waved o'er screaming shell,  
And heavenward tossed its rippling folds  
Above a seething hell.

We watched that banner from afar,  
With reverence profound,  
And proudly made the haughty boast,  
It ne'er had touched the ground!  
But flags must ever have support  
To help them float on high;  
Then while Old Glory led the hosts  
Who kept it in the sky?

Ah, friends, can we so soon forget  
The doughboys and the gobs  
Who found when they came limping home  
That slackers had their jobs?  
Oh while we cheer the starry flag  
That proudly floats on high,  
Let us remember gratefully  
Who kept it in the sky!

*The Lipscomb Lime Light.*

*George H. Free.*

#### ANNIVERSARY

I shall hate all Aprils  
With their silver rain  
April is my symbol  
Of Life's sharpest pain.

I shall hate their promise  
Never once fulfilled—  
Hate them for their seeding time,  
Their call that ground be tilled.

Often I have planted  
Seeds of rare gold grain  
Autumn brought me harvest  
Blighted with rot-stain.

I shall hate all Aprils  
With their silver rain—  
Through their nights of fragrance  
Cry ghosts of Hope long slain.

*The Virginian-Pilot.*

*Ellen M. Carroll.*

## IN A DESERTED GARDEN

Your garden stretches living arms to me.  
A thousand clinging-fingered, jealous flowers  
Blowing, wind-kissed. While far beyond an aisle  
Of somber pineway laughs the sapphire sea.

Through tangled branches I discern the place  
Where once the sun-dial marked the drowsing  
hours.

A thousand nodding flower-faces smile  
Have buried it within a warm embrace.

The earth is vibrant: and the mother soil  
Bears on her breast a myriad of bloom  
Where scarce new tendrils find themselves the  
room

To sway, breeze-blown, but ever upward coil  
One on the other, in a mad free dance  
Of growing things, deathless, and unafraid.  
A thousand flowers abloom, if one should fade,  
To hang, moon-silver, in a fragrant trance  
That is not death, but sleep.

Yet your dear hands that gave the garden life,  
Lie stilled beneath the popped soil of France.

*The Saturday Night.*

*Florence Ryerson.*

## THE LEGEND OF THE INKY KINKS

The winds are blowing sadly, the logs are blazing  
bright,  
Old mammy sits acrooning to her babe the song  
of night;  
She smiles in joyous rapture with happy eyes  
aglow,  
And sees her slumb'ring darling as white as driven  
snow,  
And as she rocks, the legends of old ancestral  
mould,  
Flit through her drowsy vision and by her are  
retold.

She softly croons:

"The Lawd once called all chillun to meet him up  
on high,  
But one, most over-anxious, dashed right out to  
the sky:  
Into the sun he tumbled and found it mighty hot,  
And he was sizzled, frizzled, jes' there, right on  
the spot,  
Bekase the first in Heav'n, his hair received a  
kink,  
But Lawd-a-Massy help us, his skin was broiled  
to ink,  
And that's the reason, Honey, the reason youse  
must know,  
In spite o' skin so inky, youse white as dribben  
snow—  
Yas, be youse eber inky, youse white as dribben  
snow."

Thus crooned she in her rocking till both were fast  
asleep,  
While God who called those children then held both  
in His keep.

*The New Canaan Advertiser.*

*H. A. H.*

### CHASING SHADOWS

Black shadows of clouds that brush the sun  
Move lazily across the hills  
While sheep and their young lambs play and run  
In chasing shadows down the rills.  
The little white lambs with black-tipped feet  
Will soon forget the shadow-breeze  
That blows them a shadow, lambs will bleat  
When they grow tired of games like these.

But you never care for shadow games,  
When you see shadows you must run,  
You want the bright things your fancy claims  
And not the darkness of the sun.  
The silly white lambs keep in the sun  
By chasing shadows all day long,  
But you (and I) fear the dark and run  
Instead of making pain a song.

*The Springfield Republican. Raymond Kresensky.*

## STARS

A star hung high in heaven's dome,  
Above a raging storm-tossed sea  
Once guided a lost vessel home  
And brought my sailor back to me.

And so my hope is ever buoyed,  
That should another day ne'er break  
And out on that great pathless void  
At last I find myself awake.

For me will burn a guiding star,  
Hung like a cheerful beacon light  
Off in that Milky Way afar  
To light my spirit thru the night.

And so I close my eyes in sleep  
Nor never fear that great embark  
A star can rule the ocean deep  
Or lead me out of void and dark.

*The Salt Lake Tribune.*      *Mrs. Clifton Brooks.*

## IN THE BRIAR-ROSE VALE.

In June I will follow a mountain trail  
Of silvery thistle and wild sweet thyme,  
To the heart of a briar-rose vale.  
And I will forget and be joyous yet,  
Where the rills with a laughter quick  
Will run in the sun where the marigolds  
Like fallen stars are thick,  
Till a-weary with crystal flow,  
In a flower-enameled glow,  
The rills will glide to a pool's dark side,  
Where the moon-white lilies grow.

And there in the shadow a low thrush prayer  
Will sooth and hush me to sleep;  
And I will dream by the pool's soft gleam,  
And the cool lily dewes that weep.

Be quiet, love, do not call me there!

*The Oakland Tribune.*      *Katherine C. Sanders.*

## WHEN UNCLE SAID "AMEN"

My uncle was a pious man, a man of noble parts,  
And highly educated, too, in science and arts;

He labored faithfully and long with mighty  
voice and pen

And when a thing appealed to him he always  
said Amen.

He had convictions of his own and knew or  
thought he knew,

That all that he believed and thought was just and  
right and true.

So when he heard our pastor speak of the Com-  
mandments ten,

Declaring they were binding still he promptly  
said Amen.

This thing occurred way down in Maine some  
thirty years ago,

The first Amen ever heard except in accents low  
And Deacon Ezra whirled around as well as

Colonel Ben,

And nearly everybody jumped when uncle said  
Amen.

My best girl looked around to me as if to say "for  
shame;

You never should have brought him out, I'm sorry  
that he came,"

And many folks were scandalized as well as lit-  
tle Jen,

That Sunday, Eighteen Ninety-Five when uncle  
said Amen.

My uncle noticed how they jumped and grinned  
and looked about,

But 'fore they settled down again he ripped an-  
other out.

Well, nearly everybody laughed except the  
preacher when

Sincere and honest, fervently my uncle said  
Amen.

Next Sunday when the crowd came out they noticed in the chair

Beside the pastor at the desk my uncle seated there.

He was to preach for pastor B—just why I  
dina ken

And uncle thus announced his text Amen, my  
friends, Amen.

'Twas great to hear him "lay it down" the best I  
ever heard.

He made "Amen" appear to us a much exalted  
word.

And when he finished every one from hill and  
dale and glen

United with him good and strong when uncle  
said Amen.

*The Rutland Herald.*

*E. F. Johnstone.*

## WILD GEESE

Over and over and one by one,  
They take the Southern road;  
Splashing the sky with a curious cry,  
A plaint, a chant, an ode!

Over and over and one by one—  
What names a date so odd?  
Ivories less, when the lilies would bless,  
The flower-ways of God.

Over and over and one by one—  
To what point do they go?  
Echoes were heard when the far off stirred,  
Down ages that they know.

Over and over and one by one,  
And when do they return?  
When snows run green, to a something unseen,  
Then they, through ages, yearn.

*The Richmond Times.*

*Virginia Stait.*



## PERSICARIA

Only a weed, my persicaria, homely  
And humble, scorned of bard and botanist,  
Yet you are friendly, little flower, and comely,  
In crimson robe and crown of amethyst.

You sway in slender grace among the grasses  
And, rippling red beside the ripening grain,  
Weave carpets for the barefoot lads and lassies  
And wistful rainbows in the summer rain.

Your faint aroma delicate and tender  
Brings back lost faces and forgotten years,  
More than the fragrance of the rose's splendor  
It shakes my heart and veils my eyes with tears.

*The Virginian-Pilot.*

*Mary Sinton Leitch.*

## THE BRANDYWINE

Shades of Whitcomb Riley,  
Weft of sunny shine,  
Fishin' fur the crawdads  
Down the Brandywine.

I greet again the spirit,  
Drunken with the wine  
Of living for the children,  
Beside the Brandywine.

I hear the weeping willows,  
Rejoice that they are thine,  
Once more, and make the pillows  
For thee on Brandywine.

The e'entide shadows murmur,  
When the curfew rings out nine,  
And weep for Whitcomb Riley,  
Down in the Brandywine.

Splashin' spray at shadows,  
Creepin' through the vine,  
Makin' for the meadows,  
With thy duds on Brandywine.

Loved poet of our childhood,  
We with thy spirit dine,  
And feast within the wildwood,  
Down on the Brandwine.

*The Nobleville Ledger. Henry Coffin Fellows.*

## FREE VERSE

What is free verse?  
It is a kiss of God  
On the rosy lips of Time,  
A shadow on the lake,  
A beacon guiding stranded ships to shore.

It reflects the truth  
In the early time of youth  
And knows neither age,  
Nor pain, nor darkness,  
But is always young and bright.

It glimpses the moon when the stars are dim  
And love is near. . . .  
It scents the fragrance of the new mown hay  
At the setting of the sun at close of day  
When life's race is run.

It sees the dawn of the New Day  
And hears the music of the spheres  
As the darkness fades away.  
It is the shadow of the Almighty  
Cast before me  
That I may understand  
In language plain and true,  
Without surplus or omission,  
Uniformity of measure or rhyme—  
Words that express the exact thought,  
Mirrored on the mind from the Unknown.

It is the echo of the Universe  
Pouring forth sweet cadence of harmony,  
Filling my soul with ecstasy,  
And lifting me Heavenward  
As it comes whispering through the Ages!

*Henry Polk Lowenstein.*  
*The Newfoundland Quarterly.*

## THE LITTLE TIN VIOLIN

In the window of a shop one day  
I saw a toy which seemed to say:  
"Take me home to your little girl,  
You'll laugh to see her fingers curl  
About the bow when she scrapes my strings  
In childish glee as she merrily sings."

I bought the plaything made of tin,  
In form of a miniature violin  
With its tiny bow and carrying-case.  
The salesman smiled as I left the place,  
And said: "There's music in that thing;  
I hope 'twill joy to someone bring."

It was sweet to see the child's delight  
When, unwrapped, the purchase met her sight,  
And how she said: "Is it for me?  
Oh, then I will a player be!"  
Time flew by; I thought no more  
Of the gift I had made so long before.

Until one day, chancing to hear  
Strains of melody sweet and clear  
Floating to me when I sat,  
Surely, I thought, it can't be that  
Little plaything made of tin,  
That little toy, that violin!

But so it was; then I made a vow  
That greater things from this should grow.  
Years have passed, it was planned aright,  
For sitting by the fire at night,  
Listening in rapture to the sound  
Of music played with skill profound,

My reveries lead to long ago;  
To the child who played with tiny bow,  
Scraping the strings of a simple toy,  
As she merrily sang her songs of joy,  
Would that we all so far might win  
With naught but a little tin violin!

*The New Canaan Advertiser. St. John Alexander.*

## THE LOCARNO SECURITY PACT

A truce—the Armistice—stanch'd with flowing  
blood;

The wounded world, deliriously glad,  
Sought wild expression for its ecstasy.

A truce — mad joy; then seven long menacing  
years,

Each with the threat of internecine war,  
To rend world wounds beyond all power to heal.

Now enters Peace. Is all the waiting world  
In transports, rapturous that Peace can end  
The curse of war that would destroy the lands?

What do men say? “And now you speak of it,  
I did see mention of a peace or pact—  
What was it we were talking of before?”

*The Oakland Daily Times.*      *Laura Bell Everett.*

## THE HAWTHORN

### MISSOURI'S FLOWER

..

When April in Missouri has begun to warm the  
earth,

And bring anon the wonder of another season's  
birth,

Upon each rolling prairie and within each wooded  
dell,

A fragrant bud of Hawthorn is among the first  
to swell;

And soon the snowy clusters of the blossom every-  
where

With dainty sweetness permeate the balmy,  
languid air,

As life begins to throb anew in Mother Nature's  
breast

And every vista seems to be with subtle charm  
possessed.

'Tis not of giant stature, but is very tough and  
strong,  
And many sharp and sturdy thorns upon its  
boughs belong;  
Its bloom is like an apple blossom, ever pure and  
rare,  
And like a tiny apple does the scarlet fruit com-  
pare;  
A mecca for the thrifty bees, a haven for the birds,  
A beauty-spot for human eyes, a shelter for the  
herds;  
A miracle of loveliness, that satisfies and thrills,  
As after wintry weather it adorns Missouri's hills.  
  
E'en from the time of blossoming in April or in  
May,  
Proclaiming for a certainty that Spring has come  
to stay  
By bursting forth resplendent in a mass of glory  
white,  
Than which a man has never seen a more entranc-  
ing sight  
And through a gorgeous fruitage to a rich autum-  
nal dress,  
Its mission for humanity is always one to bless;—  
We gladly hail the Hawthorn as our fair Mis-  
souri flower,  
And may it grow in favor as Missouri grows in  
power.

*LeRoy Huron Kelsey.*  
*The Moniteau County Herald.*

### SPRING'S TARANTELE

Our dead lie not in the mine today,  
Black-throated dragon of fiery breath;  
'Twas out of the clouds where the light-birds play,  
Came Death.

Our dead choked not where the black damp lay,  
Sphinx-lipped goddess of death-fumed spell;  
Spring, drunk with perfume, danced today  
Her Tarantelle.

*The Oklahoma Leader.*     *Ernest R. Chamberlain.*

## CRY OF THE RACE

We are the Builders of Babel,  
We with our famishing eyes,  
Daring the Dream of the Heavens,  
And bridging the span on our sighs.

Centuries long have we labored,  
Battered and bent by the blows,  
Building with souls for our girders,  
And welding them well with our woes.

Making the mortar our bodies,  
Boiling them black in our blood,  
Piling them thick on the settings  
In mixtures of mercy and mud.

Centuries long have be builded,  
And where is our Babel today?  
Shattered to dust by the whirlwind,  
And scattered to sea as the spray.

But we are the Builders eternal,  
And Dreams of the Heavens again,  
Skyward shall rear their new Babel,  
Though building forever in vain.

*The American Hebrew.*

*Henry Blanc.*

## THE LURE OF WISCONSIN

A land of lakes and streams and rolling hills,  
Of woods and wildness with a wealth of flowers  
That burst in glory from the springtime showers;  
The song of lingering birds of passage fills  
The cup of pleasure for the lips of love,  
And stirs divinity in hearts of clay!  
A land of fertile farms and fragrant hay,  
Contented cattle on the slope above,  
And in the sheltered home beside the oak  
Contented people living day by day  
In simple ways, who still have time to pray  
And seek ideals—strong Wisconsin folk!  
Here nature lovers harbor for a rest,  
And here the dreamer finds his vision blessed.

*The Milwaukee Sentinel.*

*Sam Bryan.*

## CIVILIZATION

Stained with the blood of their brothers,  
The races of men vaunt their pride;  
Skull on a totem-pole, scalp at a belt,  
And a curse on the men who died!

Lust, and the call of revenge,  
Loot, and the horror of might,  
And over all a pestilence,  
A lingering death, a blight!

Stone men who fashioned with water drops  
A hammer to maim and kill,  
Savage hordes who swung far south  
To conquer a Roman hill.

Power, and the love of self,  
Strength and the urge to destroy,  
And running through the veins of men  
The ruins of gutted Troy.

Knights in armor who rode away,  
Snug in their coat of mail;  
Black-bearded men with a Holy Cross,  
Seeking a mad man's Grail.

Spoils, in the name of religion,  
Thieves, with the banner of God,  
Spreading the Plague to foreign lands,  
Infesting an alien sod.

Empires wielded by doddering men  
And a woman—to make them smile;  
An infant giant's maniac dream  
Left rotting on Elba's isle.

Genius—the weakness of flesh,  
Pomp—uncontrolled desire,  
Making the world a hut of straw  
To burn on a despot's fire.

Red with the blood of a million souls,  
The races of men yet kill;  
Skull on a totem-pole, scalp at a belt,  
And Christ hung high on a hill!

*The New Canaan Advertiser.*

*Don Farran.*

## NEW LOVES FOR OLD

I do not love you, but you love me,  
And once, with laugh and vow,  
Young lips un-kissed, young April skies above me,  
I loved as you love now.  
I loved so long, my love and I are dying;  
I loved so true that all my love was vain;  
I loved so false, I am not worth your sighing  
*And—I shall love again.*

Then, if you love me—love me, love me!  
While you've a kiss to give,  
A heart to break, a tear to move me,  
Love me and I shall live.  
I shall pass on and leave you lost and lonely;  
I shall be false, for I was never true,  
But I can give you this reward, this only—  
*I never will love you.*

*The New York World.*

*Louise Dutton.*

## APRIL

April comes dancing over the hills,  
Challenging Winter's sway;  
April goes laughing through the vales,  
Driving grim Winter away.

Flowers spring up where her nimble feet,  
Sporting, give new life to earth;  
Wind-swept, her hair touched the grayness of  
space,  
And a rose was given birth.

Grass, lush and satiny, covers with green  
The trail where her feet have trod;  
Never a trace of her winding way,  
On black and barren clod.

Frost-Gnomes at her heels would trip Lady April  
And laugh with glee should she fall;  
But her dainty fingers cling to the wall,  
And her touch is the magic Spring-Time-Call.



Walls stripped nude by vindictive Winter,  
Are garnished with clinging vines  
Where the frost-gnomes flounder amid gnarled  
    roots,  
And are blinded by wind-shaken leaves.

April comes dancing over the hills,  
And flowers drip from her hands;  
Blossoms are seen where her wind-swept hair  
Touches pillar and wall with sunlit strands.

*The Oakland Tribune.*

*Ada Kyle Lynch.*

### HIS GIRL

I was his friend, and she—  
She was his girl.  
Yet, as I held her in a fond embrace,  
Her playful ringlets resting on my face,  
Her dainty fingers stroked me here and there—  
My chin, my eyes, and then ran through my hair,  
“I love you,” soft she murmured—  
This was bliss—  
And planted on my lips a loving kiss.

    Yet,  
I was his friend, and she—  
She was his girl.  
And as these moments passed in fond embrace  
The years oped up and I stared into space,  
I saw the folly of a youth ill-spent,  
The wild oats rampant, passion pleasure bent,  
She loved me, so she said, and yet I knew  
She'd at his word or sign his bidding do.

    Still,  
I was his friend, and she—  
She was his girl.  
Yet in these precious moments how I envied him  
The happiness that filled his cup to brim.  
And then—his voice broke on my reverie:  
“Come, dear, daddy must be going now,” and she—  
She loosed her hold and ran to him in glee.  
She was his girl—a little tot of three.

*The Baltimore Sun.*

*Gene Scrubbs.*

## WITCH-TREES

Not far from the edge of Salem town  
Is a low, black hill, and up and down  
No living thing, whether good or ill,  
Can draw a breath on that black hill.

No living thing save three gaunt trees,  
That lean on each other with every breeze,  
And nod and shiver and huddle together,  
Like three old crones in the bitter weather,

When the sun is east, when the sun is west,  
They cast no shadow and never rest,  
But point their fingers with a shake of the head,  
Like three old crones that talk of the dead.

The red moon leers at the tortured trees,  
As they rattle their arms and crack their knees,  
And twist and caper and dance till dawn  
Like three old crones whose wits are gone.

It's an old wives' tale, but as for me,  
I never could think such things may be,  
'Tis wanton chatter and wild—but still  
*They hanged three witches on that hill.*

*The New York Times.*      *Vilda Sauvage Owens.*

## MY PRAYER

Grant me one hour that will ever stand forth  
Like a tree on a barren hill—  
Like the glint of the sun on a rain-swept sea,  
Or a song when the night is still.

Grant me one fragrant, golden hour,  
And a taste of the red, red wine  
Of lips that seek through eternity  
And then, at last, find mine.

Grant me the warmth of passion's flame  
In an hour when Love runs rife—  
A golden hour—a living dream—  
For this I would barter—life.

*The Wasp.*

*Cristel Hastings.*

## TILLIE'S TRIUMPH

When to a meeting of her club  
One night went Mrs. Wildron,  
Her neighbor's maid, Mathilda, came  
To supervise the children.

On her return the mother asked,  
"How were the youngsters, Tillie?  
Did Helen go to bed at eight?  
Did Harold read to Willie?"

"Aye gif dem shildrens all deir bath,  
To bed Aye put dem early;  
Dey all vas gude but dat beeg boy—  
De von whose head iss curly.

"He fight and kick to beat de cars  
When Aye start in to strip him.  
Yu bat Aye vash him planty gude,  
He find out Aye can whip him.

"Aye tank he know Aye bane stout girl,  
Aye bat yu he feel silly—"  
"The big one, with the curly hair?  
Why, that's my husband, Tillie!"

*The Eagle Grove Eagle.*

*George H. Free.*

## DAISIES

Down in the dew there are daisies;  
And up in the sky there are stars;  
Here the bright gold of the daisies;  
And there the red gleaming of Mars.

Many a silvery pathway  
Winds along all over the sky;  
Close near the dreams of the daisies  
A clear little brook ripples by.

Heavy your heads, drowsy daisies,  
Wearing their tiaras of dew;  
I sigh for you, drooping daisies;  
The spring-time is going from you.

*The Onancock News.*

*Eugenie du Maurier.*

## WHILE WE MAY

Ah, Love, when you and I are gone  
Beyond life's care-whirled seas,  
Fair April's feet will still trip on  
To rain-made melodies;  
And still June's rose will bud and blow,  
Fond lover tell sweet tale,  
Bright bubbles down the brooklet flow,  
Rapt bird sing in green vale;  
And still will old dreams haunt the heart  
Through golden centuries,  
And those of future ages part  
Drink deep love's ecstasies—  
So let us take our fill of love  
While yet indeed we may,  
We little know how soon its dove  
May fly the happy day.

Oscar H. Roesner.

*The Albany Democrat-Herald.*

## THE BOYS IN BLUE

1861

(To be read in march time)

Salute!

These are the Boys in Blue who pass,  
Shrilling fife and beat of the drum!  
Stand on the curb and watch them come  
Swinging along with militant step—  
Hep! Hep! Hep! Hep!  
Keeping time to the bold drum's beat,  
Hear them cheering along the street!  
Thousands and thousands of boys in blue;  
See them follow the bright flag through,  
Heads erect and eyes before—  
Oh, mothers weep and hearts are sore!  
Swinging away with militant step,  
Hep! Hep! Hep! Hep!

(To be read with measured beat)

Thr-r-rum! Thr-r-rum! Thr-r-rum!  
 Passing by to their muffled drum,  
 Here again are the Boys in Blue;  
 Passing by, so few! So few!  
 The once bright eyes are dim and old  
 And life is a story almost told.  
 The flags that mark where their comrades sleep  
 Are more than these Boys who vigil keep,  
 What though they fail to keep in step—  
 Hep! Hep! Hep!  
 The beating drum and the shrilling fife  
 Are slowing now with the tide of life.

(Livelier)

But the hearts are young of these Boys in Blue;  
 They're marching quick, as they used to do;  
 A faster time to the old quick-step,  
 Hep! Hep! Hep! Hep!

(Softly, gradually increasing in strength.)  
 And marching with them are myriad feet,  
 And myriad voices, strong and sweet,  
 Are singing the songs of long ago—  
 Oh, can't you hear them? I know, I know  
 The Boys in blue march strong today;  
 They can't be seen, but they march away;  
 With ranks as full as they used to be—  
 Young and brave they are passing me,  
 Thousands and thousands passing by—  
 Our Boys in Blue who shall never die!  
 Salute!

*The Oakland Tribune.*

*Harry Noyes Pratt.*

## LITTLE ROAD

There is a place where this road curves  
 Like an arm about the hill,  
 Trees grow close, it's green and still,  
 And at dusk the whip-poor-will  
 Wails shrill.

It is a lonely little road,  
Not much traveled. There's a stream  
Where the woodfolk come to drink,  
Small paws patterned on the brink  
Where they sink  
Into soft earth. Loose-strife spires  
Rise and glow like purple fires.

Two great roads on either side  
Go the way the hills divide,  
And my little road is seen  
Winding pleasantly between,  
Brown and quiet through the green.  
And I never come to it  
But I take away with me  
Some of its serenity,  
Some cool restful memory.

Once as a blue twilight fell,  
Flower shadow, dewy scent,  
Along this little road I went  
Quite blind with tears—and then I heard  
Like bells across the underbrush,  
The wonder-word God sent to men  
When he made the veery-thrush,  
Jacob's Ladder, it may be  
That I could not see.

*The New York Times.*

*Louise Driscoll.*

## HARVEST

(TO I. S.)

When Dawn paused, listening, on the eaves  
Of Heaven, to wind-words of a summer dead—  
I joined the dance of whirling autumn leaves  
In gowns of gold and green and passion red.  
Over strewn paths of moss and withered things,  
Violets asleep and unseen folded wings,  
I sought neglected songs to sing anew—  
And found in autumn twilight song and you!

*The Detroit News.*

*Gladys Thorne.*

## ALCHEMY

When first I knew this western land,  
Its turgid wind, its frenzied sand,  
Its scorching heat, its blighting tan,  
Its drouth, its floods without a ban,  
A desolation seized my soul,  
I wished I'd sought some other goal.

The years have come, the years have flown,  
This golden sand I call my own;  
The wind that hurtles through the trees,  
To me is just another breeze;  
The thunder crash, the lightning play,  
Are God's magnificent display.

The tawny stream, with deep green frieze,  
Now red, now gold, amongst the trees;  
The red-ribbed hills, with green o'erlaid,  
Where ev'ry prankish wind has played;  
The wide, clean sweep of buoyant air—  
The Fair God's Land I find most fair.

O, red-wrought land where men have come,  
To work and labor in the sun;  
Oklahoma, broad frontier,  
That beckoned to the pioneer—  
I once despised thee, yes, I own,  
But now I love thee. Thou art Home.

*The Oklahoman.*

*Florence M. Gibbs.*

## RECLAIMED

Blue water, black water,  
Swift water, backwater,  
All open water's calling to me—  
I was through, with a tidy sum  
For baccy, grub an' my tot o' rum;  
But my kit is packed, an' here I come,  
Back to the restless sea!

Coast packet, trade packet,  
Trim or decayed packet,  
Any windjammer's ship enough for me!  
Every voyage I've called my last  
Now for years as I've shoreward passed;  
But the salt wind calls like a trumpet blast,  
Back to the restless sea!

Hard skipper, fair skipper,  
Rough skipper, square skipper,  
Any deep-sea skipper's right enough for me,  
If he's smart an' will crack on sail  
Till it's "first or founder"—or pump an' bail—  
He's my man till I've over-rail,  
Back to the restless sea!

High pillow, low pillow,  
Pine pillow, no pillow,  
Any old berth is good enough for me;  
But a lubber's end I can not bide,  
And I'm outward bound with the ebbing tide  
Till my hammock's sewed for the last swift ride.  
Back to the restless sea!

*The New York Times.*      *Harold Willard Gleason*

### HE KNEW WHAT'S WHAT

A boy named Jeremiah Hicks,  
Came from a place they call the sticks;  
He was an awkward, lanky lad,  
His speech and grammar were quite bad:  
Of etiquette he had no store—  
He knew enough to live no more.

But when a year had passed away,  
He'd changed a bit—so you would say—  
His nochalance, his easy poise,  
Amazed and saddened city boys;  
He knew each passing fad and whim;  
The classy girls all fell for him—  
The secret—have you guessed it yet?  
He read the book of etiquette.

*The Kansas City Star.*      *Katherine Edelman.*



## THE LAST GIFT

You brought me rain that Aprils bring  
And bright, wild things on a vine,  
You brought me spring on a fairy's wing  
With tulips red as wine.

You gave me sun on a spider's wreath  
Soft as a milkweed strand.  
You gave me storm and the thunder's breath,  
And summer into my hand.

But best, ah, best is the last brown nest,  
For narrow and dark and cold,  
You have given me autumn against my breast,  
And dear, glad death to hold.

*Grace Hutchinson Ruthenberg*  
*The Virginian-Pilot.*

## SKIFF SONG

Shores reach out  
But you can not catch me!  
Trees I can flout—  
You shall never snatch me!  
Here comes my boat  
With the gulls and swallows,  
In and out  
In the salt sea shallows.

Here I go  
And the land is slipping  
Away, while I row  
With my sleek oars dripping.  
Where from far-off goals  
On sturdy whalers  
Across these shoals  
Came singing sailors.

Shingly shore  
Where the thin waves tinkle,  
Rocks crusted o'er  
With the periwinkle!  
Shallows that shine  
With the white sand's glitter,  
Deeps where a line  
Brings a flash and flitter!

Back on the quay  
There is noise and hurry,  
But here with me  
Is escape from worry,  
With my boat adrift  
Among weedy trailers  
My song I lift  
Like the singing sailors.

*The New York World.*

*Anchusa.*

### AND ROSEMARY—

It is not clock or calendar  
That makes the heart beat faster—  
A cloud against the sky's blue pane,  
A far horizon, dim and vain,  
Stars; or the lyric sound of rain—  
Or just a purple aster.

For such a little, little thing  
Can make the heart remember;  
A beech tree by the moon revealed,  
A seine with all its silver yield,  
The wind across a celery field—  
Or wild grapes in September.

*The Virginian-Pilot.*

*John Richard Moreland.*

### HERE'S HOW IT HAPPENS

Kind o' achy,  
Want to yawn.  
Feel a nap  
A comin' on.  
Got t' stretch  
Myself, that certain.  
Hate to, tho,  
It's so exertin'.  
Wonder who'll  
Drop in to pay  
Or just how much  
I'll write today.

Two o'clock!  
Gosh! Times does fly!  
Ought t' be workin'  
Guess I'll try.  
This mornin's rest  
Shore helped a heap,  
Well I'll be durned!  
My leg's asleep!  
Numb t' my hips  
'N tinglin' well  
'Spect I'll let 'em  
Rest a spell.  
Consarn the hole  
In that durn blind!  
Sun's shinin' thru  
'N I'm right in line.  
Ain't complainin'  
But can't help wishin'  
I had time  
'T go a fishin'.  
Bet the bass  
'D bite today,  
Shore wish I  
Could get away.  
Durn fool Adam  
Shore pulled a bone  
When he didn't let  
That fruit alone.  
Jes' look at us  
Poor men folks now.  
Payin' with  
Our sweatin' brow.  
Four o'clock!  
Don't that just beat!  
At three I had  
Someone to meet.  
Well, I can't mop-up  
Spilt milk with sorrow  
I'll hunt him up  
Sometime tomorrow.  
Like to've seen  
That game today,  
But while it's shinin'  
Got t' make hay.

I'm jes' exhausted  
Thru n' thru.  
Blame arm's gone  
T' sleepin', too.  
Eyes gettin' heavy,  
I'm all in.  
May not get  
This chance again.  
Shore am slippin',  
Glad my work's all done,  
Hope my snorin'  
Don't disturb me none.  
Gonna close my eyes.  
Got no remorse;  
Gonna jes' let nature  
Take her course.

*The Fairfax Chief.*

*J. M. Hazlett.*

### THE SINGING TREE

From the deep, shaded heart of a tree,  
A heaven of music pours,  
Paradise caught in the net of a song,  
That bubbles and bursts and soars.

Under the wavering mantle of leaves,  
Secret songster where are you clinging?  
Are these jeweled baubles of sound from your  
throat,  
Or is it the tree singing?

*Katherine Washburn Harding.*  
*The New York Sun.*

### SILENCE.

Oh, the Silence, for just one hour,  
To brush away the cares of day,  
Still the pulse that's long been racing  
With the tumult and dismay.

Relax my nerves for one scant hour,  
They are taut as they can be.  
From the sounds of horrid conflict  
And the tales of misery.

There's so much riot and dissension,  
So much hate and bitter woe.  
Give the Silence to me, Master,  
Where no discord I shall know.

Close the conscious mind to vision—  
While I seek the world within;  
Gathering there the strength that's needed  
To sustain me through the din.

Give me Silence and composure,  
For at least one hour each day;  
With the Infinite attune me,  
Give sweet harmony, I pray.

O golden Silence! Much I need thee,  
On Source Divine, I there may call  
For strength and power for every fibre—  
'Tis there that Mind doth conquer all.

Silence, golden, brings me closer  
To the Universal Mind;  
And ope's the door for God to enter,  
'Tis in Him, sweet peace I find.

*The Robinson Argus. Annette Blackburn Ehler.*

## NIGHTS (Pasticcio)

Last night I heard the viol and the lute complain,  
Saw the drenched, sodden roses trodden under  
foot,  
The flagons spilt, the torches shudder and go out,  
Felt your lips seek for mine and find and find  
again,  
Yea, in the whirling midst of all the sorry rout,  
And, breathless, catch and hold them, glad and  
mute,  
Then the dream-rabble vanished from my vision  
And the wild tears ran down my face like rain,  
And I awoke to the intolerable day  
That mocks at me and holds me in derision—  
For you are dead long since and I am old and gray.

Last night? Ah, every night and all the long  
night through,  
The sullen trumpets, threatening, mutter under  
breath  
'Neath the great singing voices of the violins,  
The cressets shiver out, the dancers shift, and you,  
O royal-meek, swept bare of all your gracious sins,  
Clothed on with whiteness in the ranks of death,  
Come in the old, sweet way, and dim my vision  
With awful tears that burn like fiery dew,  
And I awake to the intolerable day,  
Implacable, that hold me in derision—  
For you are dead long since and I am old and gray.  
*The New York Herald Tribune. Perley A. Child.*

### BECAUSE WE PART

The stars will not go wrong because we part,  
The sun and moon will rise and set,  
The rose be fresh and lovely yet—  
In all the universe will be no fret,  
Save in my heart.

Still, when the Lord puts on his seamless dress,  
The finished web of day and night,  
One little stitch will not be right,  
And He'll not perfectly be dight,  
Because we part.

*The Wasp.*

*Joyce E. Lobner.*

### LOCUSTS

Locust trees are brightly burning  
Waxen tapers to the sun,  
Pale and fragrant, they are yearning  
Upward, one by fragrant one.

Altar candles, white flames springing  
In the breath of May and June,  
Choir birds their hymns are singing,  
Throats of happiness—and soon

Red the flame on earth's green altars  
Scarlet fire, leaping up,  
Roses, holding prayers and psalters  
In each burning, scented cup.

*The New York Sun.*

*Faith Baldwin.*

### ON THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES

Oh, do not wrong the generations past  
By scorn, or bitter prating of dead hands;  
It is not chance that their achievements last,  
Nor whim of fortune that their building stands.  
It was for us they strove; we are the heirs  
Of all their agony and sweat and tears;  
And, willing or ungrateful, each one shares  
In the vast legacy of toilsome years,  
They would not bind us; theirs no selfish aim  
To chain the future to their halting-place.  
They mourn our failures, glory in our fame,  
Thrill with our struggle in this mortal race.  
A Cloud of Witnesses, O doubtful Soul,  
Applauds your straining footsteps toward the  
goal.

*The New York Times.*     *George Mason Whicher.*

### BEAUTY ETERNAL

Life's sorrows weigh upon my weary soul,  
Oppressed, I seek in vain for some true goal—  
Oh, for some sign of hope I faintly sigh—  
The answer—homing birds against a pale mauve  
sky.

Again the day is gray and old joys fail,  
My hold on happiness grows yet more frail,  
All songs seem sad and all life's tales are told,  
But lo! the sunset blooms in rose and green and  
gold.

Lift up, tired soul, and open weary eyes;  
Ever on your horizon beauty lies.

*The New York Sun.*

*Clarissa Brooks.*

## PSALMS

Here's Beauty, vibrant from a royal harp;  
Now echoed from the still green of a river,  
Now clashing, as a battle-weapon sharp,  
A sound to make a foe or captive shiver.  
Now mother-tenderness, now soldier-anger,  
Teachings, now all of love; now, all of wrath,  
Now faith exultant; now, exhausted languor—  
What highway broadens from this errant path?  
Here chaff of gathered hatred of the ages  
Were winnowed by a word of love from John,  
Or Peter; rock to build a church upon,  
Profounder than Hebraic lore of sages,  
And still above their undertow of duty  
Waves in the sun toss stinging crests of beauty.

*Isabel Fiske Conant.*  
*The Christian Science Monitor.*





# INDEX

Name and address of publications. Name of author and title of poem.

- THE ALBANY DEMOCRAT-HERALD, Albany, Oregon.  
 While We May, *Oscar H. Roesner* (for biography see 1921) ..... 127  
 Perfume, *Sarah Hammond Kelly* (for biography see 1922) ..... 68
- THE AMERICAN HEBREW, New York, N. Y.  
 Cry of the Race, *Henry Blanc* ..... 121  
 Esther, *Herman E. Segelin* ..... 81
- THE BALTIMORE SUN, Baltimore, Md.  
 Amy Lowell, *Anna Hamilton Wood*, (for biography, see 1919) ... 30  
 Chopin, *George Schaun* ..... 33  
 Farewell, *LaFollette, Anna Hamilton Wood* 30  
 His Girl, *Gene Scrubbs* ..... 124
- THE BALTIMORE DAILY POST, Baltimore, Maryland.  
 Monsoon, *Howard W. Legg* ..... 10
- THE BELLOWS FALLS TIMES, Bellows Falls, Vt.  
 Starting Tamaters in Vermont, *Daniel L. Cady* ..... 56
- THE BRATTLEBORO REFORMER, Brattleboro, Vt.  
 The Call of the Hills, *Hardiman Kelly* . . . 66
- THE BOOSTER, Wathena, Kans.  
 Goals, *Lynas Clyde Seal*, (for biography, see 1924) ..... 82
- THE BOSTON TRANSCRIPT, Boston, Mass.  
 Amy Lowell, *Abbie Farwell Brown* ..... 29  
 From a Perisian Lattice, *Mrs. L. Worthington Smith* ..... 70  
 The Carillon, *E. Chamberlain* ..... 65

THE BUFFALO EXPRESS, Buffalo, N. Y.	
Armistice Day! 1925, <i>Millard S. Burns</i> , (for biography, see 1922) . . . . .	58
Little Sisters, <i>Phoebe A. Naylor</i> , (for biography, see 1919) . . . . .	54
Retrospection, <i>Mary Q. Laughlin</i> . . . . .	79
THE CALIFORNIAN, San Francisco, Calif.	
In The Days of Gold, <i>John J. Burke</i> . . . . .	55
THE CARNEGIE HERALD, Carnegie, Okla.	
Father and Son, <i>James Carl Crowson</i> , (for biography, see 1924) . . . . .	84
THE CASPER HERALD, Casper, Wyo.	
In Death Valley, <i>E. Richard Shipp</i> , (for biography, see 1923) . . . . .	73
The Placer Mine, <i>E. Richard Shipp</i> . . . . .	50
THE CASPER TRIBUNE, Casper, Wyo.	
The Indian Paintbrush, <i>Louis M. Eilshemius</i> . . . . .	85
<small>From Mr Eilshemius' card we learn that he is  "Greatest Poet in the World King of American Artist-Painters Most Original Music-Composer The American Shakespeare Most Prolific and Versatile"  Residence, New York City</small>	
THE CEDAR RAPIDS GAZETTE, Cedar Rapids, Ia.	
Marsh—Wild Duck Season, <i>Jay G. Sigmund</i> , (for biography, see 1922) . . . . .	85
THE CHICAGO POST, Chicago, Ill.	
Anglesey, <i>Wayne Gard</i> , (for biography, see 1921) . . . . .	72
A Quick Recovery, <i>Iris</i> . . . . .	63
Daffodils, <i>Charles A. Heath</i> , (for biography see 1922) . . . . .	87
<small>Mr Heath is Vice-President of The National Association of Press Poets</small>	
I Cannot Like The Dawn, <i>Sixteen</i> . . . . .	61
William Jennings Bryan, <i>Charles A. Heath</i> . . . . .	34
THE CHICAGO TRIBUNE, Chicago, Ill.	
The Ballad of Cap. Streeter, <i>MacKinlay Kantor</i> , (for biography, see 1924) . . . . .	32
Floyd Collins' Cave, <i>MacKinlay Kantor</i> . . . . .	28
THE CHINESE STUDENT'S MONTHLY, Ann Arbor, Mich.	
My China, <i>Kwei Chen</i> . . . . .	35

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR,  
Boston, Mass.

- Psalms, *Isabel Fiske Conant*, (for biography  
see 1923) ..... 139  
Tampa, *Franklin N. Wood*..... 49

THE CINCINNATI TIMES-STAR, Cincinnati,  
Ohio.

- "Bedtime Stories," *B. Y. Williams*..... 71  
Lighted Candle, *George Elliston*, (for biog-  
raphy, see 1921) ..... 51  
Scarecrows, *B. Y. Williams*..... 76

THE CLEVELAND UNIVERSE, Cleveland,  
Ohio.

- The Pulse of God, *Marie Tello Phillips*, (for  
biography, see 1922) ..... 98  
Mrs Phillips is Vice-President National Association  
of Press Poets

THE COLUMBUS DISPATCH, Columbus, Ohio

- Choice, *Tessa Sweazy Webb*..... 37  
The Spirit of Yesterday, *C. B. Galbreath*.. 88

THE COMMONWEAL, New York, N. Y.

- Laodicea, *Henry Longan Stuart*..... 83

THE CRISIS, New York, N. Y.

- Atlantic City Waiter, *Countee Cullen*, (for  
biography, see 1920) ..... 52

THE DALLAS MORNING NEWS, Dallas, Tex.

- Hidden Country, *Bertha Hart Nance*..... 35

THE DENVER POST, Denver, Colo.

- Waiting, *E. Richard Shipp*..... 36

THE DES MOINES REGISTER, Des Moines,  
Iowa.

- Some Pensive Recollections, *Helen Cowles  
LeCron*, (for biography, see 1922) ..... 67

THE DES MOINES TRIBUNE, Des Moines,  
Iowa.

- Football, Dedicating the Drake Stadium,  
*Lewis Worthington Smith*, (for biography  
see 1921) ..... 77

THE DESERET NEWS, Salt Lake City, Utah.	
Human Hearts, <i>Walter M. Horne</i> .....	43
Lullaby, <i>Elizabeth Fechser Hanson</i> .....	45
Robert LaFollette, <i>Edith Cherrington</i> .....	33
The Music, <i>Minnie J. Hardy</i> .....	53
THE DETROIT A. C. NEWS, Detroit, Mich.	
There were Cross Words Between Them, <i>Samuel Hoffenstein</i> .....	56
THE DETROIT FREE PRESS, Detroit, Mich.	
Flotsam, <i>Clara Miehm</i> .....	84
THE DETROIT NEWS, Detroit, Mich.	
Harvest, <i>Gladys Thorne</i> .....	129
On The North-Bound Train, <i>Ivan Swift</i> , (for biography, see 1919) .....	21
THE EAGLE GROVE EAGLE, Eagle Grove, Iowa.	
Tillie's Triumph, <i>George H. Free</i> , (for biog- raphy, see 1920) .....	126
THE FAIRFAX CHIEF, Fairfax, Okla.	
Here's How It Happens, <i>J. M. Hazlett</i> .....	133
THE GAELIC AMERICAN, Cleveland, Ohio.	
A Bit of Shamrock, <i>Mary Davis Reed</i> .....	80
THE GRAND RAPIDS HERALD, Grand Rapids, Mich.	
I Take the Slashin' Yet, <i>Ivan Swift</i> .....	23
THE HOLLY LEAVES, Hollywood, Calif.	
Easter Hymn, <i>Frederick M. Steele</i> , (for bi- ography, see 1924) .....	63
THE HOLLYWOOD NEWS, Hollywood, Fla.	
A Man From Genoa, <i>Frank Belknap Long, Jr</i>	9
THE HOUSTON POST-DISPATCH, Houston, Texas.	
Calling, <i>Lillie H. Caufield</i> .....	71
THE INDEPENDENT GAZETTE, German- town, Pa.	
Moonlit Path, <i>Washington VanDusen</i> , (for biography, see 1924) .....	63

THE JACKSONVILLE DAILY JOURNAL, Jacksonville, Ill.	
El Camino Real, <i>John Kearns</i> , (for biography, see 1924) .....	92
THE JEWISH TRIBUNE, New York, N. Y.	
Esther Today, <i>Elma Ehrlich Levinger</i> .....	78
The Home of the Jew, <i>Flora Cameron Burr</i>	46
Miss Burr was born in Carse O'Gowrie, Perthshire, Scotland. Writes poetry and short stories. Many of her poems have been set to music and published. Residence, Bottineau, North Dakota.	
Palestine, <i>A. B. Shiffrin</i> .....	59
Mr Shiffrin was born in 1902. Educated in New York schools and New York factories. Writes verse and stories. Author "Blind Men." A short story "The Black Laugh," is in O'Brien's Best Short Stories for 1924. Residence, New York City.	
Rosh Hashanah, <i>Joseph K. Foran</i> .....	60
THE KANSAS CITY STAR, Kansas City, Mo.	
Advice to Poets, <i>Lowe W. Wren</i> .....	96
Heaven?, <i>Velma West Sykes</i> , (for biography see 1922) .....	104
He Knew What's What, <i>Katherine Edelman</i> , (for biography, see 1924) .....	131
The Minor Chord, <i>Mary R. Ellis</i> .....	95
Spring, <i>Lowe W. Wren</i> , (for biography, see 1923) .....	95
THE KANSAS CITY TIMES, Kansas City, Mo.	
From The Melting Pot, <i>Patricia Lowdermilk</i> .....	91
THE KINSLEY GRAPHIC, Kinsley, Kans.	
A Legend, <i>May Williams Ward</i> , (for biography, see 1923) .....	39
THE LANCASTER ENQUIRER, Lancaster, Pa.	
Moon of Leaves, <i>Ruth Eckman</i> , (for biography, see 1924) .....	64
THE LEWISTON DEMOCRAT-NEWS, Lewiston, Mont.	
The Midnight Express, <i>Florence M. Wallin</i>	11
THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS HERALD, New York, N. Y.	
Peace Shall Live, <i>Max Ehrmann</i> .....	103

- THE LIPSCOMB LIME LIGHT, Lipscomb,  
Texas.  
Who Kept It In The Sky, *George H. Free*...109
- THE LOS ANGELES TIMES, Los Angeles,  
Calif.  
Green Verdugo Hills, *Mabel W. Phillips*, (for  
biography, see 1924).....105  
Old Lace, *Mabel W. Phillips*..... 99
- THE MAUD MONITOR, Maud, Okla.  
The Giant Torchlight, *Virginia Smyth Nolen*,  
(for biography, see 1924).....100
- THE McKEESPORT JOURNAL, McKeesport,  
Pa.  
White Magic, *May T. Neff*.....104
- THE MICHIGAN FARMER, Grand Rapids,  
Mich.  
Ode to a Farmer Maid, *Helen Janet Miller*.. 20  
Miss Miller was born on a farm in Tuscola county,  
Michigan, 1904. Attended school in Detroit. Her  
poems have appeared in leading Michigan papers.  
She is a stenographer employed by the Pere Mar-  
quette Railway company. Residence, River Rouge,  
Michigan.
- THE MICHIGAN TRADESMAN, Grand  
Rapids, Mich.  
Listening In, *Charles A. Heath*.....101
- THE MILL VALLEY RECORD, Mill Valley,  
Calif.  
By the Sea Shore, *Alexander Calvert*..... 98
- THE MILWAUKEE SENTINEL, Milwaukee,  
Wis.  
The Lure of Wisconsin, *Sam Bryan*.....121  
Mr Bryan was born in Washington, D. C., 1886,  
A. B. and A. M., Leland Stanford University. Ex-  
aminer on the staff of the Wisconsin Railway Com-  
mission. Residence, Milwaukee, Wis.  
Books, *Max A. H.*.....109
- THE MONITEAU COUNTY HERALD, Jef-  
ferson City, Mo.  
The Hawthorn, *LeRoy Huron Kelsey*, (for  
biography, see 1921).....119
- THE MONTGOMERY ADVERTISER, Mont-  
gomery, Ala.  
Tryst, *Scottie McKenzie Frasier*, (for biog-  
raphy, see 1922).....108

THE MUSKOGEE PHOENIX, Muskogee, Okla.	
The Triangle, <i>Docia Karell</i> .....	12
THE NEW CANAAN ADVERTISER, New Canaan, Conn.	
Civilization, <i>Don Farran</i> .....	122
Conjecture, <i>Etta May Strathie</i> .....	108
The Legend of the Inky Kinks, <i>H. A. H.</i> ....	111
The Little Tin Violin, <i>St. John Alexander</i> ...	118
Spooks, <i>H. A. H.</i> .....	16
THE NEW FOUNDLAND QUARTERLY, St. Johns, N. F.	
Free Verse, <i>Henry Polk Lowenstein</i> , (for biography, see 1921) .....	117
Judge Lowenstein is President of the National Association of Press Poets	
THE NEW HAVEN REGISTER, New Haven, Conn.	
The Raggedy Doll, <i>Nan Terrell Reed</i> .....	52
THE NOBLESVILLE LEDGER, Noblesville, Ind.	
The Brandywine, <i>Henry Coffin Fellows</i> ....	116
Mr. Fellows is an educator and editor. Has held position on the faculty of normal school and colleges. His poems have been widely copied. Residence, Wichita, Kans.	
THE NORFOLK LANDMARK, Norfolk, Va.	
Enshrined, <i>Mary Chase Cornelius</i> .....	103
On Living In A Third Floor Apartment, <i>Julia Johnson Davis</i> .....	90
THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE, New York, N. Y.	
Crosswordwocky, <i>C. B. Gilbert</i> .....	48
Icarus, <i>Christian Hamilton</i> .....	107
Nights, <i>Perley A. Child</i> .....	136
She Was A Never-Failing Well, <i>Ruth Fitch Bartlett</i> .....	101
The Lad From Aberdeen, <i>John Kierman</i> ...	26
THE NEW YORK SUN, New York, N. Y.	
Beauty Eternal, <i>Clarissa Brooks</i> , (for biography, see 1924) .....	138



In A Hundred Years, <i>Nan Terrill Reed</i> .....	51
Lines to That Washington Egg, <i>Beatrice Cherepy</i> .....	102
Locusts, <i>Faith Baldwin</i> .....	137
Now, <i>Clarissa Brooks</i> .....	27
Of Writing Verse, <i>Muna Lee</i> .....	105
Pattern Price, <i>May Folwell Hoisington</i> ....	94
The Singing Tree, <i>Katherine Washburn Harding</i> .....	135
THE NEW YORK TELEGRAM, New York, N. Y.	
The Balloon Man, <i>Agnes MacCarthy Hickey</i>	59
The Urchin, <i>Bella Flaccus</i> .....	62
THE NEW YORK TIMES, New York, N. Y.	
A Book of Poems, <i>Roselle Mercier Montgomery</i> , (for biography, see 1924) .....	81
Antagonisms, <i>Lewis Worthington Smith</i> ...	18
City Houses, <i>Barbara Young</i> .....	69
In The Dawn of Time, <i>Stanton A. Coblentz</i>	37
Helen Triumphant, <i>Edgar Daniel Kramer</i> ..	93
Little Road, <i>Louise Driscoll</i> , (for biography, see 1920) .....	128
Love A Garden Wisely, <i>Francis Higgins</i> ...	51
On The Cloud of Witnesses, <i>George Mason Wicher</i> .....	138
Reclaimed, <i>Harold Willard Gleason</i> .....	130
A Vacation in a College Town, <i>Ruth Evelyn Henderson</i> .....	96
Witch-Trees, <i>Vilda Sauvage Owens</i> , (for biography, see 1924) .....	125
THE NEW YORK WORLD, New York, N. Y.	
I Have Seen America, <i>Robertus Love</i> .....	40
<small>Mr Love is the literary editor of the St Louis Post-Dispatch. He has been a "Kolyunist" on the Portland Oregonian, Los Angeles Times, and other western papers. Author "The Rise and Fall of Jesse James" Residence, St Louis, Mo</small>	
"I Shall Come Back" <i>Dorothy Parker</i> .....	17
Skiff Song, <i>Anchusa</i> .....	132
New Loves for Old, <i>Louise Dutton</i> .....	123

- THE OAKLAND TIMES, Oakland, Calif.  
The Locarno Security Pact, *Laura Bell Everett*, (for biography, see 1923) .....119
- THE OAKLAND TRIBUNE, Oakland, Calif.  
April, *Ada Kyle Lynch*, (for biography, see 1924) .....123  
The Boys in Blue, *Harry Noyes Pratt*, (for biography, see 1924) .....127  
The House Next Door, *Clara Maxwell Taft*. 19  
In The Brier-Rose Vale, *Katherine C. Sanders* .....113
- THE ONANCOCK NEWS, Onancock, Md.  
Daisies, *Eugenie du Maurier*.....126
- THE OKLAHOMA CITY TIMES, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Looking Back, *John W. Beard*..... 24  
Mr Beard was born in Sweet Springs, Mo., 1868  
Made the run for free homes at the opening of old  
Oklahoma An "89er" Real Estate and Insurance  
business Residence, Ada, Okla.
- THE OKLAHOMA LEADER, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Spring's Tarantelle, *Ernest R. Chamberlain*. 120
- THE OKLAHOMAN, Oklahoma City, Okla.  
Alchemy, *Florence M. Gibbs*.....130
- THE PHILADELPHIA BULLETIN, Philadelphia, Pa.  
A House Speaks, *Rebecca Helman*..... 17  
Winter Magic, *Anna M. Robinson*..... 39
- THE PINEVILLE SUN, Pineville, Ky.  
The Wood Becomes a Sea, *H. H. Fuson*.... 62  
Mr. Fuson was born in Kentucky, 1876 Graduate  
Cumberland College, A. B. (1905). University of Cincinnati, B. S. (1920) Has been teacher, principal and  
superintendent of schools in Kentucky for 28 years  
Sec'y-Treas Martin's Fork Coal Company. Author-  
"The Pinnacle," and "Just from Kentucky." Residence  
Louisville, Ky.
- THE PITTSBURGH POST, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
City Pigeons, *May T. Neff*.....100  
Mrs. Neff is a poet, editorial and short story writer.  
Author of, "Field Flowers." Residence, Pittsburgh, Pa.
- THE PONCA CITY NEWS, Ponca City, Okla.  
Opening of "The Strip," *Ruth Olive Angel*. 25

THE RICHMOND TIMES, Richmond, Va.	
Wild Geese, <i>Virginia Stait</i> , (for biography see 1922) .....	115
THE ROBINSON ARGUS, Robinson, Ill.	
Silence, <i>Annette Blackburn Ehler</i> .....	135
THE RUTLAND HERALD, Rutland, Vt.	
When Uncle Said Amen, <i>E. F. Johnstone</i> ...	114
Growing Older, <i>Arthur Goodenough</i> , (for biography, see 1922) .....	58
THE SATURDAY NIGHT, Los Angeles, Calif.	
In A Deserted Garden, <i>Florence Ryerson</i> ...	111
THE SANTA FE NEW MEXICAN, Santa Fe, New Mexico.	
A Cowpuncher Watches the Crowd, <i>S. Omar         Barker</i> , (for biography, see 1924) .....	22
The Phantom Review, <i>S. Omar Barker</i> .....	47
THE SALT LAKE TRIBUNE, Salt Lake Utah.	
Keepsakes, <i>Edith Cherrington</i> .....	45
Stars, <i>Mrs. Clifton Brooks</i> .....	113
THE SPRINGFIELD REPUBLICAN, Spring- field, Mass.	
Chasing Shadows, <i>Raymond Kresensky</i> ....	112
The Difference, <i>Florence Van Fleet Lyman</i> , (for biography, see 1920) .....	87
THE SIOUX CITY JOURNAL, Souix City, Ia.	
Cayuse, <i>Will Chamberlain</i> , (for biography, see 1923) .....	75
Custer, <i>Will Chamberlain</i> .....	31
THE TOWN CRIER, Seattle, Wash.	
Flotsam, <i>Helen Emma Maring</i> , (for biog- raphy, see 1924) .....	89
THE UNION LABOR RECORD, Wilming- ton, N. C.	
Autumn Time in Dixieland, <i>Gertrude Perry         West</i> .....	106
THE VIRGINIAN PILOT, Norfolk, Va.	
Anniversary, <i>Ellen M. Carroll</i> .....	110

And Rosemary—, <i>John Richard Moreland</i> , (for biography, see 1924) .....	133
The Last Gift, <i>Grace Hutchinson Ruthen- berg</i> .....	132
Persicara, <i>Mary Sinton Leitch</i> , (for biog- raphy, see 1922) .....	116
Wanton, <i>Virginia McCormack</i> , (for biog- raphy, see 1923) .....	97
THE WARREN-FOREST TIMES, Detroit, Mich.	
Faith, <i>J. Roy Zeiss</i> , (for biography, see 1924) ..	44
THE WASHINGTON TIMES, Washington, D. C.	
The Puzzle of Poets, <i>George Sands Johnson</i> , (for biography, see 1919) .....	63
THE WASP, San Francisco, Calif.	
Because We Part. <i>Joyce E. Lobner</i> .....	137
My Prayer, <i>Christel Hastings</i> .....	125
THE WHITE HALL REGISTER- REPUB- LICAN, White Hall, Ill.	
Abraham Lincoln, <i>Henry Polk Lowenstein</i> .	29
THE WICHITA BEACON, Wichita, Kans.	
A Baseball Ballade, <i>Kirke Mecham</i> .....	26

## BOOKS RECEIVED

The following books of poetry by Press Poets have been received during the year:

CROKER, MARIE BRISCOE, *Mount Vernon*. Cliftondale, Mass. C. A. A. Parker, 1925. Wrappers.

FRASIER, SCOTTIE MCKENZIE. *A Business Man's Prayer*. Chicago. Paul G. Trichel. 1925. Wrappers.

FUSEN, H. H. *Just From Kentucky*. Louisville. John P. Morton Co. 1925. Cloth.

KOHN, DAVID. *Spurts of Philosophy*. Oklahoma City. Lyric Book Shop. 1925. Wrappers.

MEADE, BESSIE. *The Hand Wrought Lamp*. Chicago. The Bookfellows.

## POETRY JOURNALS

The following journals of poetry are appreciated exchanges:

L'ALOUETTE, 52 Stone Street, Cliftondale, Mass.

THE LARIET, Lock Box 741, Portland, Oregon.

MUSE & MIRROR, Box "I," University Station, Seattle, Wash.

PAN, Walter J. Haecker, Pan. Notre Dame, Ind.

THE POET'S SCROLL, Talala, Oklahoma.

VERSE, 1418 Wyoming Street, Philadelphia, Pa.





